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CRISES IN PARIS

N a powerfully argued article, Mr. Walter Lippmann contended last week that it was British Socialism which was holding up any rapid advance toward Western Union. The Labour Government, he maintained, with its elaborate mechanism of controls and its schemes of nationalisation, has a vested interest in the retention of national sovereignty; whereas other European Governments, which believe in the revival of free enterprise, see the advantages of breaking down national frontiers and creating a new and enlarged free trade area. He stated in sober terms what most of the Congressmen who voted for Marshall Aid feel far more violently.

But is British Socialism the main obstacle in the way of Western Union? Before accepting Mr. Lippmann's view, the American Administration would do well to observe the remarkable contrast between Socialist Britain and the rest of Western Europe. In Margate this week, the British Trade Unions applauded Sir Stafford Cripps's appeal for harder effort and better teamwork. They did so because a Socialist Government has succeeded in persuading the organised working-class that through its controls, subsidies and housing policy, they are getting a fair slice of the small available cake. The contrast with France is obvious. The political crisis there arises from the fact that controlled economy has broken down. The working class has rebelled against the prospect of deflation carried through without any regard to social justice, while the business community and the peasants refuse to permit any return to *dirigisme*. Free enterprise in such conditions means class war. The middle way is crumbling, and Frenchmen may soon be faced by the choice between a dictatorship resolved on imposing free enterprise and a dictatorship of the proletariat.

American opinion may well have been misled by the "miraculous success" of German currency reform. Why, the observer in Washington may ask, cannot a French Cabinet carry through the measures which have induced a sharp economic revival in Western Germany? The answer is simple. Currency reform in its present form was imposed by the occupying authorities against the protests of every German politician. Its crying social injustices were disregarded in a manner that no democratically elected government could possibly afford to adopt. Moreover, unless those injustices are rapidly dealt with, the measures imposed dictatorially by the occupying Powers will lead to as grave a social crisis in Western Germany as now afflicts France and Italy. If Americans continue to believe that free enterprise is the only economic basis for political federation, they will destroy not only Western Union but democracy itself in every country of Western Europe, including Germany.

Simultaneously with the French internal crisis, Western Union is being subjected to another severe strain. It was only with great reluctance that the O.E.E.C. in Paris agreed to take over from Washington the task of allocating E.R.P. among the participating nations. But Mr. Hoffman said firmly that America wanted the sixteen nations to do their own housekeeping—and so they set to work.

Now, when the allocations are settled, America says "No." This interference in European housekeeping is not direct, but effected through the representatives of Bizonia—who happen to be Americans! They have abruptly demanded, first, that a larger share should be allotted to Western Germany, and secondly, that Bizonia should not be asked to contribute towards general recovery.

A clumsier move could not be imagined. Bizonia is now a dollar colony, and Western Europe has not failed to observe that it is specially favoured in Washington. It was difficult enough for those who suffered the horrors of German invasion to accept Western Germany as a fellow recipient of Marshall Aid. That General Clay and Mr. Harriman should now force its demands on the O.E.E.C. threatens the fragile fabric of Western Union far more dangerously than Mr. Attlee's ill-judged words about the French proposal for a European Assembly.

We do not deny that the Labour Government's attitude on the subject of political union has been maladroit and insular; and we are convinced that Britain should and could do more towards transforming the Brussels Pact from a mere military alliance into a real Union. But to describe British Socialism as the main cause of Western Europe's present disunity and instability is fantastic. The main cause is the emergent class war in France and Italy, which has resulted directly from abandoning controlled economy and attempting to stimulate production by old-fashioned methods of capitalist deflation. If exterior forces have played a part in this lamentable development, they are to be found in Washington, not in London.

France's Political Impasse

Frustrated by the Socialists in their plans to end the wages-prices spiral at the expense of the working class, M. Reynaud and his Right-wing friends joined with the Communist Opposition in giving short shrift in the Assembly to an Administration in which Socialist influence was greatly strengthened. Indeed, M. Schuman had succeeded in forming a new coalition Government only at the cost of a remarkable personal *volte-face*. Originally he was all for M. Reynaud's policy of "saving the franc" by orthodox (and inevitably unpopular) deflationary measures. Next he headed a Cabinet in which the key portfolios of Finance, Labour and the Interior were held by Socialists, and, though the Government's programme for dealing with the economic crisis was never fully disclosed, it is significant that the late Premier's first action was to make considerable concessions to the demands of the C.G.T. and the cartel of non-Communist unions. As an offset, in part, to the 10 per cent. increase in the cost of living last month, a non-recurring bonus of 2,500 francs was to be added to the August wages of Civil Servants and industrial workers generally; and there was to be some reduction in income tax chargeable on the lowest categories of salaries and wages.

It is most unlikely that this would have been the full extent of the retreat from *Reynaudisme*. With the prices of bread, milk, butter and cheese due to rise by 25-30 per cent. on September 15, there was little chance of the unions waiving their demands for a general wage increase of 3,500 francs; and the drastic steps against hoarding and profiteering which might be taken by M. Thorez or (conceivably) by General de Gaulle were incompatible with the continuance of Radical support for the Government. Would the Socialist Ministers, with electoral chances in mind, have "axed"—as M. Reynaud intended—the ranks of the *fonctionnaires* from whom they draw so largely their voting strength? It is not probable; nor does it seem likely that M. Pineau, in face of certain opposition from the Right (with the Communists manœuvring on the side lines) could have achieved the 30 per cent. cut in the military budget which his predecessor had blithely promised. The outlook, therefore, was that the new Government would choose the easy way of appeasing all the interests at the franc's expense.

Against this background, what is the significance of Tuesday's voting in the Assembly, when "confidence in the Premier's declaration" was refused by a majority of six? Is it that no combination of parties with the Centre as its pivot can succeed, since both extremes unite against it? Is it that the present Assembly is incapable of providing France with stable government? Conceivably M. Herriot, or some other elder statesman a little *au-dessus de la mêlée*, may succeed in vamping together a caretaker Cabinet for the time being. But it looks as if an appeal to the electorate, in conditions of violent class war, will become unavoidable.

The Purge in Poland

Following the excommunication of Marshal Tito, the Cominform's member parties are, one by one, performing a political ceremony described unctuously by the *Daily Worker* as a "self-critical examination of past policies and work." First there was the purge of the S.E.D. in Germany. Then it was announced that the Italian C.P. was in process of eliminating unreliable elements—the personal position of its leader, Signor Togliatti, remaining obscure. This week it is the turn of Poland. The Workers' Party (P.P.R.) has relieved Mr. Gomulka of his post as general secretary, in which he will be replaced, in effect, by President Bierut. It has declared that, with his departure, the Party must eradicate his "fundamental errors." These include failure to appreciate the value of the experience of the Soviet Union; tolerance of nationalistic deviations (e.g., in agrarian policy); insufficient application of Marxism-Leninism to art, literature and science; and—crowning absurdity in Mr. Gomulka's case—"an attitude of defeatism towards the forces of reaction." Mr. Gomulka, who remains Vice-Premier and Minister for the Recovered Territories but will not longer have a seat on the Party's political bureau, has apparently found it expedient to play up to this act of collective contrition: he recognises and repents of his mistakes; and an open split in the P.P.R.—hardly conducive to the smooth working of the coming fusion with the (Socialist) P.P.S.—is thereby avoided. But nothing can conceal the fact that Gomulka has been cynically allotted the role of scapegoat in a radical switch—on Cominform instructions—of Polish Communist policy. He was a tough, not to say doctrinaire Communist; there is no reason to suppose that he dissented from all the Cominform's hotch-potch strictures on Tito; and, so long as the Russian line was to approve "flexibility," according to national circumstances, in the interpretation of Marxism-Leninism, his "loyalty" was unquestioned. But he was a realist, who knew his country; and, though suggestions that he rebelled against Moscow's policy with regard to Germany seem flimsy, it is known that he opposed (at first, it is believed, with the support of Mr. Minc, the Minister of Industry) the adoption of any plans for hasty collectivisation of farming. It was his knowledge of Polish peasant psychology which led him into the "error of failing to appreciate the correct timing of the popular democracies' evolution towards Socialism"; and it is likely enough that he may have demurred for similar reasons at the less tolerant attitude now being adopted by the P.P.R. towards the Catholic press, as illustrated by the suppression of the one outspokenly anti-government newspaper. It is the wisest of its children whom this revolution devours.

Deadlock in Berlin ?

There are no signs yet of any approach to agreement in the discussions between the four Military Governors on the method by which, in return for the lifting of the blockade, the Eastern Mark is to be made the sole currency circulating in Berlin. The inordinate delay in bringing these talks to a successful conclusion is explicable only on two assumptions: either the Western Powers are demanding a share (which the Russians would be most unwilling to grant) in the management of the Soviet-controlled bank of issue which is to determine the volume of currency circulating in the Eastern Zone, including Berlin; or there is no sincere desire on the Russian side to reach any agreement at all. We hope that, in saying this, we misjudge Soviet intentions; but it is difficult to reconcile their general attitude in the German capital with the supposition that they are prepared to accept any real restoration of quadripartite control. With the acquiescence, if not indeed the direct encouragement, of the Russian authorities, organised Communist mobs have driven the City Assembly from its meeting-place in the Stadthaus, and it has had to take refuge in the British sector. When Dr. Friedensburg, the acting chief Burgomaster, somewhat rashly called in members of the (Western) Stumm police force to restore order in the Stadthaus, they were promptly attacked by the (Eastern) Markgraf police, and avoided arrest only by blockading themselves in the rooms of the British and French liaison officers. From all this calculated turmoil, it is hard to avoid drawing the inference that the Russians are still determined to make the position of the Western Powers in Berlin untenable.

The Burmese Cabinet

When the Burmese Parliament meets this week, the Prime Minister, Thakin Nu, will submit names for new appointments to his Cabinet. U. Tin, who was Treasurer of the Anti-Fascist People's Freedom League and the owner-editor of *The New Light of Burma* until he became Finance Minister last January, will now be able to devote all his time to the Ministry of Finance. For the past few months, following trouble in the Ministry of Commerce on the question of licences, he has had the charge of that Ministry as well. This is now being taken over by U. Ohn, already well known and much respected in this country, where he spent the war years. Since his return to Rangoon last January he has acted as personal secretary to the Prime Minister. A few weeks ago he was elected Member of Parliament for Toungoo. The new Foreign Minister, Kyaw Nyein, has also many friends in England. He became the senior representative in the Cabinet of the Socialist Party, after the resignation of the Minister of Commerce. He also becomes Deputy Prime Minister, succeeding Bo Let Ya who is now playing a leading part in the campaign against the Communists. A new member in the Cabinet is Bo Hmu Aung, the leader of the section of the People's Volunteer Organisation, which remained loyal to the Government. These changes suggest a consolidation of the Government with Socialists in all the leading posts. Its most urgent task is to deal with the rebellion, now almost entirely confined to the Communists. The Karenni revolt, which took place in Moulmein and Thaton, seems to have come to an end, and there may be new discussions between the Karenni leaders and the Government. The area round Prome is still unsettled, the Communists maintaining their hold in this important market town on the Irrawaddy. Government forces are reported to be moving from south and north towards the town; and, if they reoccupy it, the Government should be in control of the situation. There is no time to lose, for the rice harvest is drawing near and Burma's economy rests on the successful harvesting of this crop.

Workers' Control

The Trades Union Congress neatly evaded the real issue in Tuesday's debate on workers' control in the socialised industries. The evasion began with the telescoping of a number of resolutions on the subject into a composite resolution which left out the claim to direct trade union representation on the Boards, while still asserting "the necessity for greater workers' participation, which can be obtained only from the trade union ranks." The resolution also expressed dissatisfaction with the composition of the Boards as they now are, and declared that belief in nationalisation ought to be a condition of appointment. The General Council, with Sir George Chester as spokesman, evidently did not like this resolution, even in its altered form. But it was supported by so many of the big unions that it would probably have been carried, even if the Council had opposed it; or at any rate the result would have been a near thing. Accordingly, the General Council preferred to accept it, and put up Sir George Chester to take as much of the sting out of it as he could, by adding a gloss that it was not to be regarded as "any condemnation of the integrity or efficiency of people who hold office" on the existing Boards, or as a challenge to the Government to make appointments on a political basis. After this speech the resolution was carried. The upshot is that the T.U.C. has clearly expressed its dissatisfaction with the Government's appointments and has gone on record in favour of Boards to include more trade unionists and believers in public ownership.

The Trade Union Dilemma

Later on Tuesday the Congress rejected the proposal from the Union of Post Office Workers in favour of placing the Post Office under the management of an Administrative Council on which the workers would have half the seats, and accepted instead an amendment by the Post Office Engineering Union in favour of a similarly constituted body with only advisory powers. The U.P.W. has been for many years the most categorical advocate among the trade unions of the Guild principle of control, which is actually incorporated in the Union constitution. This, however, runs directly counter to the proposals agreed on between the T.U.C. and the Labour Party in the 1930s—proposals on which the Government relies in justification of its line in appointing non-representative Boards to control the socialised services. Its adoption would have upset the apple cart, whereas the composite resolution, sponsored by the railwaymen and mineworkers, can still be squared with the non-representative principle, though not with the way in which the Government has acted upon it. The truth is that the trade unions as a whole do not quite know what they do want. They are dissatisfied with Boards that are a blend of capitalist managerial experts and Civil Servants, with a few trade unionists thrown in; but they also see the dangers inherent in accepting responsibility for the conduct of socialised industries through trade union nominees. The idea that real workers' control must come, not through trade union nomination, but through the evolution of democratic controlling agencies inside each industry at pit or factory level, does not take hold of their imaginations because, sound though it is, it offers no immediate answer to the feeling that the new Boards are in practice not much different from the capitalist managements which they replaced.

Science and Industry

The challenge to British industry thrown down by Sir Henry Tizard, the Government's Chie cientific Adviser, in his Presidential Address to e British Association at Brighton is a serious ne. He pointed out that the coal raised per an over-all is now lower than it was when, thirty ears ago, it was hand-hewn; that, although the epartment of Scientific and Industrial Research as pursued research into building for over thirty ears, it is not reflected in better houses being uilt with less labour; and that, while research the cotton industry is efficient and admirable, roductivity is lower than it was fifteen years go. While 18 per cent. of the British popula- on is engaged on the production of capital and onsumer goods, compared with only 12 per cent. America, the production is proportionately uch lower. It was not just, he said, a question natural resources, since Sweden and Switzer- nd, with relatively poorer natural resources than ur own, had outstripped us in productivity. The ult he ascribed to the lag in our technology and e failure of industrialists to apply science. No ew discovery in any field (including atomic nergy) is likely to have so quick and beneficial ffect on British industry as the application of hat is already known. And he warned: "Social nrest is inevitable if reform lags too far behind e advance of technology or is pressed too oughtlessly before it."

hreats and Films

It is not clear what Mr. Eric Johnston hopes gain by the decision that from October 1st merican first-feature films will only be shown all-American programmes. Although he de- cribes it as a measure to protect the U.S. film dustry from having its first features booked, ecause of the new quota, as second features and aid for as such, the first beneficiary is likely be the British film industry. There was a anger that some American film companies, in rder to gain a larger share of the four and a uarter million pounds that may legitimately be ken from the United Kingdom each year might e tempted to sponsor, with unremittable ster- ng, the production of cheap films in this coun- y, which would then be sold to exhibitors as rst features, with an American first-feature rown in at a lower rental and technically count- g as a second feature. That danger Mr. John- ton has now kindly removed, more to the pplause, probably, of British producers than of ollywood. Nor will the projected action either ubdue the British industry or compel the Gov- nment to lower the 45 per cent. quota in answer the clamour of a film-going public demand- g more American films. British exhibitors still nd that British pictures take more money at e box office than any others. Mr. Johnston obviously burdened more by pique at the new uota, and the Government's intention to help film finance, than by any constructive ideas rough which American films can retain their old in England. His assertion, too, that British roducers cannot expect to get their films shown America so long as unfriendliness persists is threat likely to rebound on his own head. Mr. hnston's job is to extract the maximum amount dollars from this country for the American otion picture industry. Every dollar earned y British films in America adds another dollar the sum total that can be taken out of Eng- nd. To diminish that flow deliberately would e folly on the part of Hollywood. Mr. John- on's only chance of success of the type he seeks -the virtual collapse of the British industry so at American films may once more swamp our nemas—is the failure of British film production reach the level of the new quota. The Gov- nment has begun well in making arrangements r the establishing of a Film Finance Corpora- on. But it is disappointing to note that, so r, the only distributors to take advantage of the ew set-up are British Lion, and consequently e producers most closely linked with them have een the immediate gainers. Steps must be taken omptly to set the net wider and so encourage greater variety of independent producers.

THE CASE FOR RECOGNISING ISRAEL

The termination of the mandate and the transfer of our main Middle East base from Palestine to Cyrenaica have not, as some people fondly imagine, relieved us of responsibility for the Palestine problem. As the main Western Power in the Middle East, our influence is still very great, and will in fact decide whether the present uneasy truce ends in a resumption of war or in a peace settlement. Within a few days, the United Nations Assembly will meet in Paris, and Palestine will be high on the agenda. The Arab League, knowing that it cannot win the war if it is resumed, but desperately anxious to conceal the collapse of the vaunted invasion of Israel, will seek to prolong the truce indefinitely. The Jews will argue that a truce of indefinite duration is quite intolerable, and that the only choice is between a quick decision by force of arms and a quick settlement imposed by the Security Council.

What will the British attitude be? In the early summer, the Foreign Office permitted it to be known on good authority that recognition of Israel was merely a matter of time. Mr. Nahum Goldman, Jewish Ambassador-designate, arrived in London in July, and sought to make some interim arrangements for discussion between the two governments. After weeks of futile conversations, he left England. The only other indication of British policy was given in a statement by Sir Alexander Cadogan at Lake Success. He declared, quite gratuitously, that if Israel requests admission to the United Nations this year, Britain cannot support her claim.

There are signs that public opinion will not be satisfied with such an exhibition of sulky tantrums as a substitute for a policy. For three years the British people have been continuously misled and deceived about the situation in Palestine. At first, exasperated by the crimes of the Jewish terrorists, and believing the Middle East experts who asserted that the strength of the Arab armies ruled out any chance of partition, public opinion condoned and even approved Mr. Bevin's determination to prevent the formation of a Jewish State. Despite Mr. Churchill's Zionist convictions, the Conservative Party supported the Foreign Secretary. It gave its approval both to his attempt to browbeat the Jews into submission and to his refusal to co-operate in carrying out the United Nations' partition plan. Indeed, it can be said that no part of Mr. Bevin's foreign policy has received such unanimous and passionate approval in the press, in Parliament, and among the British people at large as his disastrous handling of Palestine.

The turning point came when the Arab Legion, under the orders of British officers, began its bombardment of the city of Jerusalem. Even among those Bishops who had given Mr. Bevin their unstinted support, an uneasy conscience began to stir. It was strengthened by the awareness that, whatever the merits of the case, Marshall Aid was seriously endangered by this sort of behaviour. Moreover, it was already clear by the end of last May that something had gone wrong with the military calculations. We had been assured that, if left to fight it out, the Arab armies would drive the Jews into the sea. Indeed, the only serious argument in favour of Mr. Bevin's policy was that the Labour Government could not afford to honour its pledges to the Jews if by so doing it alienated the martial strength of the Arab League which we required as a bastion against Russia and as the guardian of our oil. In 1946, when we still had over a hundred thousand men in Palestine, including an armoured division, Mr. Bevin "revealed" to the Labour Party Conference that it would take at least one other British division to enforce the mild recommendations of the Anglo-American Committee. He was believed. But once the Jews had enforced partition against no fewer than five Arab armies, it was clear that he had talked nonsense. The Arab threat was exposed as the desert mirage of that tiny but highly influential group of pro-Arabs in Cairo and in the Foreign Office who had won Mr. Bevin's uncritical confidence. Having sacrificed principle to expediency, the Labour Government discovered that it had backed the losing side.

The Jewish victories, both in the days following May 15th and in the resumed fighting before the second truce was imposed, have knocked the foundations from under our Middle Eastern policy. The Jews had no artillery or tanks; they relied chiefly on home-made mortars, and their air force at that time consisted of twenty decrepit Ansons. The Egyptian Army and the Arab Legion were equipped with British artillery, armoured vehicles and aircraft of the very latest types. That is why our Middle East Command reckoned on both occasions that the campaign would be over in ten days. But in fact the Arabs showed themselves totally unable to use their first-rate equipment, though the Arab Legion, under British staff officers, did a great deal better than the others. But if they could not succeed in this petty campaign, against an ill-equipped home guard seasoned with a few well-trained guerillas, how would they fare against the Red Army? The conclusion is obvious. To rely in the case of war on Arab armies is a policy of certain disaster.

The second foundation of our Middle Eastern policy was the assumed unity of the Arab League. This, too, has been shown to be a desert mirage. Under the stress of the Palestine war, the League has already broken up. Ibn Saud and Abdullah, puppets respectively of America and Britain, from whom they derive their revenues, are ready for a settlement based on the recognition of Israel, whereas the Governments of Egypt, Syria and Iraq, whose tenure of power at home is extremely insecure, dare not desist from war for fear of internal revolution, and because they know that they will be excluded from the settlement.

On the Jewish side the situation is much more stable. By blowing up the biggest shipload of arms to reach Tel-Aviv, rather than appease the Irgun, Ben-Gurion and his colleagues have vastly strengthened their position. But military success is intoxicating, and, still pitted against Mr. Bevin and the Arabs, the new State already shows signs of succumbing to that chauvinism against which Chaim Weizmann has always fought. Fortunately, however, its economic situation does not permit of any imperialist adventures. The Provisional Government has already had to introduce immigration quotas, and is well aware that it cannot stand the strain of its present military budget for very long. Moreover, any danger of a pro-Russian orientation is very remote. Ben-Gurion knows that if he continues to arm Israel from behind the Iron Curtain, he will antagonise America; and this he cannot do while he is negotiating, as he is, a loan from the United States Government.

The stage is, therefore, set for a peace settlement at the United Nations Assembly based on an understanding between Israel, Trans-Jordan and Saudi-Arabia, or, in other words, between Israel, Britain and America. What stands in the way? Nothing except the continued refusal of Britain to recognise the Jewish State. So long as we refuse recognition, we keep alive among the Arab extremists the faint hope that irreconcilability will serve them as well in the future as in the past. Given British recognition of Israel, the three recalcitrants, Syria, Iraq and Egypt, would have to toe the line; and in this way Abdullah and Ibn Saud would be freed from the charge of betraying their fellow Arabs if they participate in a settlement.

These political and strategic arguments are reinforced by economics. Even during the troubles of 1947, Palestine's imports totalled £90 million, and it is reckoned that in future Israel would require at least £20 millions' worth of British goods, to be exchanged for the citrus crop and the products of Palestine potash. In addition, if it were readmitted to the sterling bloc from which it was summarily dismissed last spring, Israel would become a dollar earner on a large scale owing to its imports of American capital. Recognition, moreover, would permit British interests, which in the past have invested large sums in Palestine, to participate once again in the development of the country.

Such is the case for British recognition before the U.N. Assembly meets. What are the arguments against it? We shall be told that we cannot give up the neutrality we assumed on May 15th. But who can pretend that our present position is neutral? We are refusing to recognise the new State created in accordance with the decisions of the U.N. Assembly, although America, Russia and South Africa have already done so, and we are using every sort of pressure to prevent the French from according recognition. The talk of "neutrality" is nonsense.

A more serious argument is that recognition, before the Assembly compels us to accord it, would make our relations with the Arabs still worse and so endanger our oil supplies. But this argument is equally invalid. The Haifa refinery is the most important in the whole Middle East; and, unless it is reopened, the success of the Marshall Plan in Europe will be jeopardised. Since we withdrew our technicians, the Jews, on the admission of the oil companies, are managing it extremely competently. Unless we still believe that the Arabs can defeat the Jews in battle, we have got to admit that Haifa will from now on be part of a Jewish State. Delay cannot affect this. Moreover, the revenue of the Iraq Government depends on oil royalties, and the Iraqi would not need much persuasion to be willing to earn them once more.

The choice, therefore, is not between recognition and non-recognition, but between recognition now and recognition a few months later. Are we to go on sulking "because the Arabs let Mr. Bevin down," until finally we are compelled to face facts and receive no benefit from a tardy and reluctant recognition? By so doing we shall merely postpone the inevitable and increase the risk of the resumption of a war in which Arab defeat is inevitable. The alternative is clear, to give recognition before the Assembly meets and so to create both the atmosphere for a quick settlement and the conditions for friendly collaboration between Britain and Israel.

PEOPLE AND RESOURCES

When Malthus, a hundred and fifty years ago, promised us disaster from over-population he could not foresee that the Southern hemisphere would prove a new larder, or that a rise in the standard of living in industrial countries would be followed by a fall in the birth-rate. But these have merely been delaying factors; the giant is still at our heels and gaining ground.

Sir John Boyd Orr, speaking at the congress on population and world resources in relation to the family, arranged by the Family Planning Association, and held at Cheltenham last month, estimated that the world population—some 2,000 million people before 1939—would have reached 3,000 million by the end of the century. If we are to feed them, and so avoid what he sees as the greatest catastrophe in history, we must double our food production in the next 25 years. Before the war two-thirds of the people of the world were insufficiently fed, clothed and housed when judged on basic standards; and, then as now, population rose fastest in countries where living standards were meanest. Large parts of Asia and Africa and some other regions are in the early stages of the demographic cycle: either in the high-stationary stage, where a high birth-rate is counterbalanced by a high death-rate, or the early expanding, or "swarming," stage where health measures have reduced the death-rate while the birth-rate remains high. The U.S.S.R. is in the third or late expanding stage, when the birth-rate has begun to fall but the death-rate is falling faster; Great Britain and the U.S.A. are passing from the fourth, or low-stationary stage, in which the low birth-rate is matched by a low death-rate, and are about to join France in the declining stage, in which the low death-rate accompanies an even lower birth-rate. Prospects for mankind could be improved, it seems, if nations now in the first and second stages were helped to reach the third and fourth stages without swarming, and if food production—and distribution—were seriously planned on a scale commensurate with human needs.

The programme presents difficulties. Family planners look hopefully to sex-education and contraceptive techniques as a means of limiting population growth in the very fertile races; and speakers from many parts of the world made it clear that the women of such races would welcome the opportunity to space their children, and would benefit in health as a result. Mrs. Margaret Sanger, the American pioneer of family planning, has talked on the subject with Indian and Chinese women and finds them co-operative and intelligent. But it is not easy to assess the effects of contraception in reducing birth-rates. Swedish population statistics, which are the oldest in the world, dating from the beginning of the eighteenth century, show a declining birth-rate long before contraception was introduced. After 1910 the rate fell until the early 'thirties, since when there has been a small rapid rise. The teaching of birth control and family planning was deliberately adopted when the decline was in full swing, on the grounds that the planned family means better care of children and that quality is preferable to quantity. In France, where the birth-rate is low, the sale of contraceptives is illegal, and though they can be obtained it seems unlikely that their use is responsible for the entire decline. Eire, a Catholic country with a strong prejudice against artificial contraception, has a falling birth-rate. In Great Britain it seems certain that many other factors have contributed to the general decline of the birth-rate (though this is at present interrupted) since the last century: a rise in the standard of living, which invariably means a subsequent fall in the birth-rate; the later age of marriage; a wider range of interests for men and women; and perhaps biological factors of which we know nothing. The late age of marriage is probably highly significant. The most fertile years for women seem to be between about 18 and 25, and there is a considerable decline in fertility in the thirties.

Apart from these uncertainties, climate presents special problems. Most of the countries approaching the swarming stage are tropical or sub-tropical; and contraceptives designed for temperate zones will not stand up to hot weather. Rubber perishes, while chemical contraceptives are commonly made up in jelly or fatty bases designed to melt at body temperature—which may well be lower than that of the air in hot climates. These technical difficulties have proved teasing, and no solution is at present in sight. Until some reliable contraceptive can be designed for the tropics it will be necessary to concentrate on general sex education and perhaps on the encouragement of a later stage of marriage. But, since child marriage is the custom in India, and very early marriage in China, it seems improbable that these peoples could readily be induced to postpone the age of marriage beyond the most fertile years.

Meanwhile, we have the task of feeding both the present and the coming generations—an economic as well as an agricultural problem. Sir John Orr believes that, if we brought all cultivated land up to the level of the best, we could produce our present food output with half the acreage; by reclaiming dust bowls, by putting new land under cultivation, by irrigation, afforestation, plant selection and the use of fertilisers, we could, he considers, feed all the people likely to be living in the world during the next 150 years—as much, surely, as could reasonably be expected of one hard-pressed generation. Moreover, new sources of food are coming along. Soilless plants, grown in water to which appropriate chemicals have been added, promise well. Timber proves to be a new source of food and textiles; and at present of every four trees felled the value of three is lost in wastage, and only one reaches the consumer. Synthetic fats have already been made from carbon monoxide and steam. Possibly, like Malthus, we see the world population as an insatiable giant merely because we cannot divine the resources of our posterity.

On the other hand, such resources can only be discovered by research; and governments must be as willing to pay for it as for research into atomic power. Though the World Food Board envisaged during the war by the allied nations survived contraceptive measures, it has dwindled to a changeling; as the World Food Council, executive body of F.A.O., it is mainly advisory. To grow enough food is one thing; to distribute it fairly is so difficult that only a world organisation could deal with it. Farmers are willing enough to grow more food, as the annual conference of the International Federation of Agricultural Producers in Paris showed, provided they are convinced that it is necessary, and that they will get fair prices and assured markets for the increase. The needy countries must somehow acquire the means to buy it; and presumably in the long run this would have to be achieved by industrialisation and a rise in standards of living—itself a step towards a stable population. It would be naive to pretend this means less than an economic revolution, or that it is a programme within the scope of the World Food Council. Yet the alternative is not inviting, and here at least we have something constructive. A world food plan could be something we have never seen before: no loose association based on fine principles and a negative fear of war, but a positive interdependence of nations, not easily shaken. We know what we do with treaties; we might conceivably think twice about doing the same with our dinner.

MARGARET JACKSON

DR. BENES

In conversation with Dr. Benes, one was always reminded that he was a professor as well as a diplomatist, a peasant as well as a Prime Minister, and a Czech before he was an internationalist. He loved to explain a situation like a teacher to a class of students, ticking off the points, one, two, three, on his fingers. He had the cautious optimism of a farmer balancing the risk of rain against the disadvantage of gathering in the crops too soon. To me his most characteristic gesture was when, putting his forefinger to the side of his nose, he would say, slowly and emphatically, "I think . . . I think, but I may be wrong. . . ."

I first heard him analyse the situation on a very exciting night in Prague in 1934, when Henlein had shown in the elections that many of the Sudeten Germans were prepared to follow Hitler. The Czech reaction was immediate: Benes went to see Stalin, and he reported the results of his interview at a gathering of his friends in the house of Karel Capek. One of them took me there and translated bits of Benes's account of Moscow. It was a fascinating gathering of Czech liberals and Socialists, chosen followers of Benes, who had fought for the liberation of their country in the first World War. One of them, I recall, was a *legionnaire*, an officer in that remarkable Czech force that fought its way across Siberia to Vladivostock, returning to Prague via the United States.

No Czech had any doubt, after the rise of Hitler and the appearance of Henlein, that Czech security demanded Soviet friendship; and they were breathlessly interested to learn how warmly Benes had been received. The next time I saw Benes was in 1938, when he was calculating whether the Western Allies meant to stand by the Czechs, whether the Russians were able to march through Rumania in time, and whether there was still a possibility that Chamberlain would make at alliance with the Russians without which Vestern help would not save Prague.

On the occasions when I saw him, again an xile, in London during the war, I used to ask yself: “Can any man repeat the same great feat vice in a lifetime?” In the first World War he as Masaryk's chief lieutenant. He and Masaryk ogether created Czechoslovakia, a precarious gglomeration of Czechs, Slovaks, Germans, Mag- ars and Ruthenians. The Hapsburg Empire had ollapsed; the Allies had exploited the Czechs' truggle for independence, and paid for their help y guaranteeing their independence. Could the ame story be repeated a second time—with a appy ending? Benes believed so, and his uburban house in Putney became the centre of e best intelligence service in Europe. No one new so much as the Czechs what was happening n Hitler's Europe. I remember Benes telling me ow he had conveyed to Churchill at dinner in e spring of 1941 that the Nazis had decided to vade the U.S.S.R. in June, and the difficulty he ad of convincing Churchill that he was right. He told me that Churchill's comment was: “But vill the Russians fight?”—a remark that sounds dd to us to-day, but not so odd when we re- nember how friendly the relations between Mos- ow and Berlin then seemed to be, and how over- vhelmingly powerful the Germans proved in the rst months of the invasion. It was after this inner, I believe, that Churchill sent word to Stalin of his belief that Hitler intended the in- asion of Russia. Later in the war, I recall con- ersations with Benes in which he told me how vell the Communists were working with him in he exiled government, and that he thought—of ourse, he might be wrong—that they were pat- iots first and that they would keep their promise o be loyal to him and the new Czechoslovakia.

The last time I saw him was just before his eturn to Prague. He had always expected to eturn with the American and British armies, and e could not disguise his disappointment that his oute home lay through Moscow. He hoped hat his prestige as the man who had twice iberated his people, and who was undoubtedly oved, indeed venerated, by them, would enable im to act as the bridge between the West and he “new democracies” of Eastern Europe. He as on excellent terms with the Russians; he was eady enough for a full programme of Socialism; nd did not fear a Czech working-class Socialism. His apprehension lay in the intransigeance of Moscow, which might not, he feared, realise the trength and the vitality of nationalism in the ountries liberated by the Red Army. He looked n older man, greyer and less confident than I had nown him before, but he ended with the familiar vords and familiar gesture, “I think,” he said, “I hink I can manage it . . . but I may be wrong.”

KINGSLEY MARTIN

A LONDON DIARY

Henry Wallace is not the man to be worried y a shower of eggs and tomatoes. He raises oth of them on his own farm, and he knows hat in the South, where Negroes are not allowed o exercise their constitutional right to vote, he annot win, anyway. The effect is only to show he Negroes in the North that Henry Wallace is, n fact, the champion of coloured people. If his upporters at the polls prove less numerous than hey seem to be in the country, that will be mainly ue to the obstacles which the old parties in the United States have built to prevent a third party oming into existence. The technical difficulties f getting on the ballot differ from State to State. n Illinois, for instance, the Progressive Party has een wholly excluded from the ballot. This is, ndeed, a misfortune for Wallace, since he ex- ected to poll well in Illinois. Together with Los Angeles and New York, Chicago would pro- ably have given Wallace a substantial part of is total vote. Illinois election law demands that new party must collect at least 200 signatures rom electors in at least 50 of the 102 counties in the State. Further, no elector can sign a petition if he has already voted in a Democratic or Republican primary. This law dates from the early thirties and was sponsored by the American Legion. It was enacted to keep Communists off the ballot. The Progressives collected over 70,000 signatures in Illinois; opponents, however, challenged the signatures and appealed to the Election Board. After a long hearing and many rumours of indecision on the Board, it was decided that the Progressives had not qualified in a sufficient number of counties. This excludes any Illinois voter from voting for Wallace and Taylor, and also prevents the Progressives from running candidates for Congress and State offices.

* * *

I am not surprised that the news of Sir Henry Gurney's appointment as High Commissioner has been received with dismay in Singapore. He served for 25 years in West Africa as a conscientious official and rose in due course to be Chief Secretary on the Gold Coast. Then, to everybody's surprise, he was moved to Palestine, to replace Sir John Shaw, who had a nervous breakdown after the King David's Hotel explosion. By the time Gurney arrived, a serious collapse of morale had set in, and his main job was to restore the confidence of our people out there during the period of evacuation, keeping on good terms as far as possible with the Jews and the Arabs who were soon to take over. This demanded political awareness very difficult to develop during a lifetime spent in the quite different conditions of Africa. No one can blame Gurney if he did not rise to the occasion. But what is really astonishing is that Mr. Creech Jones should have decided to promote him from a Chief Secretary's to a High Commissioner's rank and to send him for the first time in his life to the Far East to tackle, desperately late, a problem which demands above all experience of the local conditions, imagination and boldness of decision. I suppose that Sir Henry was appointed because he was next on the list.

* * *

The Prime Minister's tribute to Evan Durbin—an intimate friend and, during the war, his personal economic adviser—was not exaggerated. He was one of the younger Socialists whose political career seemed to be assured by sheer economic ability. Durbin belonged to a remarkable generation of Oxford men, including Gaitskell, Jay, Crossman and Gordon-Walker, who took their degrees and developed their Socialist philosophy before the 1931 crisis made Marxism fashionable. To the next generation, who grew up in the atmosphere of the Spanish Civil War and the Left Book Club, they seemed “reactionaries” since they supported the Dalton-Bevin movement for rearmament and bitterly opposed Cripps and Bevan. Durbin's *Democratic Socialism* was the reasoned reply of an intellectual to John Strachey's *Coming Struggle for Power*, an important book because too often the Left has all the argument and the Right is content to rely on the block vote. To see Durbin at his best you had to watch him tackle a W.E.A. class. The lecture, though always first-rate, could sound a little pompous; but in the discussion he always excelled, throwing off his air of studied humility, and making the students feel that what mattered was not winning an argument, but getting at the truth. The inspiration of his Socialism were the ideas of the Master of Balliol and, through him, of the W.E.A. He did not in the least mind being called a defeatist, for proclaiming what he believed to be unpalatable facts at what others believed to be inappropriate moments. In this sense, even when his views were most orthodox, he always retained a streak of the Nonconformity in which he was brought up, feeling it the special duty of an intellectual not to score off opponents, but to expose the weak points in the policy he favoured, in order to make sure that they were dealt with. In fact he was one of those rare people who lived his own philosophy and made friends of those with whom he most disagreed.

John Gunther tells us that General Feng Yu-shiang, though a Christian General, did not baptise his troops wholesale with a fire hose. The story got about because an American journalist suggested that he would do the job quicker if he adopted this form of mass conversion. That Feng should have been drowned in the Black Sea is a sad ending to an extraordinary career. I do not know if there is anyone alive who could write his biography adequately. It would be a fascinating task. This huge Methodist War Lord came from a peasant home; five of his brothers and sisters died from famine when he was a child. No doubt it was this origin in poverty, combined with his conversion to Methodism, that made the Christian General so unlike other War Lords. He lived the simplest of lives, never feathered his own nest, and for practical purposes translated Christianity into cleanliness, honesty and military efficiency. In the impossibly confused conditions of Chinese civil and national war during the last thirty years, Feng changed sides as often as other War Lords. The difference appears to have been that when, as he himself says, he “betrayed” his Government, he seems to have done so from some rather ill-defined motive of honour or politics, and not from greed. He spent one year in Moscow and another period in a monastery, to which he seems again to have retired to study the art of calligraphy after quarrelling with Chiang Kai-shek during the last war. He sometimes fought with Chiang and sometimes against him. He was on his side during the war against Japan, and afterwards was sent on a mission to the United States. He made a strong declaration denouncing Chiang's administration of the civil war, and was ordered home. He refused, and was sacked from the Kuomintáng. I suppose he was again on his way to Moscow on his last voyage.

* * *

No one can miss the close parallel between the royal ceremonies in Holland last week-end and the Jubilee celebrations of Queen Victoria. In both cases public enthusiasm centred on the figure of a good, long-lived Queen, a mother and grandmother (who had become the symbol of her age and her country's outlook). “It was a family affair,” said a friend who was present throughout, “and the loudest cheers were reserved for the four grand-daughters.” My friend also reported that the Dutch talked much of Communism, and that American journalists seemed mainly interested in finding a headline about Communism in the country where Communism is weaker than anywhere else in Europe. About a third of the electorate in Amsterdam votes Communist, but Communism scarcely exists outside Amsterdam, and even there it is about as revolutionary as the British Labour Party, while Dutch Socialists are probably as far to the Left as most British Conservatives. With the possible exception of Switzerland, Holland is the most *bourgeois* of all countries. It is also the only Western country I know where politics are always discussed in terms of religion. The purely secular meeting of the Assembly to inaugurate the reign of Juliana was held in the New Church, as if to emphasise that in Holland at least there is no division between the sacred and the secular.

CRITIC

THIS ENGLAND

Prizes are awarded of £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed.

Paste entries on postcard or slip of paper and give details of origin. Address to THIS ENGLAND, 10 Great Turnstile, W.C.1.

Kipper sur Toast.—From *Lyons Corner House Menu.* (Margaret A. Breckley.)

Those who desire to stop cigarette smoking should . . . reflect upon the Absolute Positive Power of the Universal Unconscious Mind.—Letter in *Observer*, (H. Forsyth.)

It is also obvious that the Creator put our coal deep down in the earth as a challenge to the bravery, ingenuity and industry of us as a people.—Letter in *Birmingham Mail.* (James D. Wood.)

Clothing Allowances.—Liverpool and the Merseyside education Authorities have approved of the scale of allowances to assist parents to buy distinctive school clothing. No grant will be given for trousers.—*Teachers World.* (Mrs. Bagley.)

LOCKSLEY HALL—CENTURY AFTER

Comrades (when I call you comrades I mean comrades, that is all)
Once again I muse among you on the site of Locksley Hall.

I, who saw the distant beacon, phantom of a bygone day—
Chaos, Cosmos? Cosmos, Chaos? Which, or both, do I survey?

Since I dipt into the Future, far as human eye could see,
Saw the Vision of the world and all the progress that would be,

Has the common sense of nations fashioned universal law?
Do the full-brain, half-brain races warless justice hold in awe?

Now the war-drums throb no longer, now the battle flags are furled,
Comes the Parliament of man, the Federation of the world?

Western Union I have heard of—Winston Churchill's at the Hague,
Boycotted by Britain's rulers, shunn'd like the bubonic plague.

Europe's Parliamentary Congress babbles of a Ten-Point Plan—
Not to-day from Interlaken comes the Parliament of man.

Luxembourg's World Federation world-wide union debates—
World-wide, barring world division, minus Iron Curtain States.

Inter-Parliamentary Union beckons all mankind from Rome,
While the stately superfortress bumps on Britain's borrowed 'drome.

While in stormy waters pitching, buffeted by East and West,
Doomed to everlasting deadlock, Uno finds no place of rest.

While the Aid Administration, wrangling over dollar deals,
Spars in Paris with the nations snarling at each other's heels.

While at once Rome, Interlaken, Luxembourg and Paris cry
"We must federate or perish! Europe must unite or die!"

From the sky, as I predicted, there has rain'd a ghastly dew
From the nations' airy navies grappling in the central blue.

Now, though skies are filled with commerce, for world markets they compete,
Civil Aviation Charters guide no federated fleet.

Russia bursts through Europe's barriers—shall we yield or shall we fight?
If the West unite for battle, better never to unite!

Once again all order festers—backward turns the march of mind—
Can these fools with narrow foreheads babbling on, unite mankind?

Heated, am I? can you wonder? things from bad to worse have gone—
Poor old History! Poor old Europe! poor old Age of Tennyson!

SAGITTARIUS

MECKLENBURG VILLAGE

"WHEN I spent a few days in the West," said the old lady with a nostalgic sigh, "a British captain told me that, if we could only hold out another six months, they would come and liberate us." I hope she misunderstood the British captain. I did my best to disillusion her, but I certainly failed to disabuse the old lady of her dream of acting as a self-appointed cheer-leader when the Brigade of Guards, bagpipes and all, came marching down the cobbled streets and sleepy market place of her little Mecklenburg village, some seventy miles North-East of Berlin in the heart of the Russian Zone. It wasn't her village, though. She hated it, as most refugees hate their sanctuary; and she never stopped apologising that, having lost her sumptuous Breslau villa, she had to receive me in the two shabby little rooms allocated for herself, her husband, daughter, son-in-law, and grandchild. I vainly tried to persuade her that lack of private *Lebensraum* was a common evil far beyond the borders of conquered Germany; but I had no answer to her more justified grievance that her husband, a lawyer and experienced industrialist, was employed to copy papers for some minor clerk; that the son-in-law, a highly qualified engineer, could find no job other than driving a sewage lorry; that the grandchild was obviously undernourished.

It is such unnecessarily harsh discrimination against oppositionally minded people (or just non-Party members with a "bourgeois" background) which is one of the most unpleasant traits in the Zone, causing resentment against the S.E.D. leaders rather than the Russians. Russian soldiers are far from conspicuous and, apart from the two guards who politely and very punctiliously examined our documents at the Zone border, I doubt if I saw more than half a dozen Russian soldiers in three or four days. They seem to keep apart from the population even more than last year; troops, officials and their families are almost completely isolated in certain towns or districts.

Returning from a swim in one of the lovely Mecklenburg lakes and seeking shelter from a sudden downpour, I found myself in a newly built S.E.D. meeting hall on the edge of the village. The caretaker's boy (aged 15) told me that he wanted to become a motor mechanic. I asked him if he learned a lot in the vocational classes of the new *Einheits-Schule*. "No," he said; "they don't teach a fellow anything except turning a screw or two." Now I happen to know from fairly thorough investigations that (with certain drawbacks, such as a too pronounced ideological bias) the educational reform in the Eastern Zone and in particular the *Einheits-Schule* is a most remarkable achievement; and if in one Mecklenburg village vocational training in the combustion engine leaves something to be desired, this would merely be a natural reflection of initial difficulties and shortages. What was significant was that the father immediately intervened, shouting at his son to shut up and telling me that the boy was talking nonsense and that the school was wonderful and teaching him a lot. Then, having sent the boy packing with an unmistakable threat of a good hiding to come, the father turned to me and said: *"Ich meinerseits bin in meiner Weltanschauung voll und ganz gefestigt."* "Ideologically sound"—this was the dreary phrase used in the Third Reich whenever a little Nazi wanted to reassure his Party superiors. But what was even more depressing was the man's pathetically obvious anxiety to cover up the boy's *faux pas,* just in case the stranger might be a Party inspector sent to test him and to decide if he was worthy of his job as caretaker of the new meeting hall.

Of course the man didn't know us; and such is the general fear and suspicion that, had I not been accompanied by a friend born and bred in the district, I probably could not have got an honest word out of the peasants and others to whom I spoke. Whenever we dropped in at a pub, any argument on local politics (such as the newly founded *Bauernpartei*) would freeze up at once, and as long as we sipped our Schnapps (potent and expensive) or our beer (cheap and watery) there would be meaningless conversation. One evening there was a dance at the biggest pub in town. It was remarkably reminiscent of a "social" in an English village, the only distinctive feature being that all "foreign" girls (meaning the holiday guests from Berlin) seemed invariably reduced to dancing with each other.

Incidentally, the meeting hall with the scared caretaker was almost the only new building I saw completed. I had been told that some 80 or 90 new farm houses were in various stages of construction in the immediate vicinity. I could find only three; and two *Neubauern*, with applications for new houses, were pessimistic about their prospects of taking possession even next year. One of them had some makeshift accommodation, the other one was living with his father, also a *Neubauer*. Those "new peasants," settled on the soil confiscated from Junker estates, are meant to form the nucleus of the land reform effected all through the Soviet Zone. Some of them are refugees from Silesia or East Prussia, some are former landworkers, some have come from non-rural trades. All those I spoke to were members of the S.E.D., but not one of them ideologically "sound" or even interested in the policy of the Party.

A great deal has been done, or is being planned, for the *Neubauern*. They are entitled to credits (free of interest for 4 years) up to M. 10,000 for building a house and for agricultural machinery. They get much advice—more than they want, said one of them—and they certainly get some preferential treatment as compared with the *Altbauern*. Their delivery quota is lower in certain items, such as eggs; yet they all complain bitterly about the rigidity of the quota and its ruthless enforcement. If they fall short in their delivery of, say, grain, a cow is taken away and the balance, if any, credited on the account.

After listening to many such complaints I told myself that farmers, at all times and in all countries, are wont to grumble. If I approached this problem of land reform with any prejudice at all it was in favour of it, and, when meeting *Neubauern*, I put them leading questions, such as if their present difficulties were not over-compensated by the proud feeling that after all they were masters of their own soil. Only one said "yes"—rather halfheartedly, and obviously under the impression that one can't be too careful when talking to a stranger. Two or three just shrugged their shoulders, and two shook their heads and said they wished they were with the old master: then, at least, after a day's hard work in the fields they knew what they had earned, and they didn't have to sit down sweating over accounts and facing problems and responsibilities often insoluble.

I was distressed to hear this, for I have always believed, and still believe, land reform to be essential—partly to help the destitute land-workers, and partly to curb the pernicious political power of the Junkers. From both these standpoints the Eastern Zone has scored over the West. Yet, the fact remains that the actual division of the soil has not, so far, provided satisfactory results. Individual holdings are too small for optimum exploitation and the co-operative sharing of modern agricultural machinery does not seem to work out well in practice. Maybe those non-S.E.D. experts were right who, even last year, told me that, if so radical a land reform was attempted at all, it would have been wiser to go a step farther and to collectivise. However that may be, I found the Mecklenburg farmers far from well off and invariably complaining about lack of food on their own tables, to say nothing of the glass of Schnapps which (at M. 50 per bottle) they cannot afford. In the East no less than in the West the currency reform has wiped out small savings and created a shortage of cash; and in the East there isn't even the extenuating circumstance of a new abundance of relatively cheap commodity goods in the shops.

HEINRICH FRAENKEL

FEMALE FACTORY HAND —1948

THREE months ago I got a job as a general factory hand at A. Nons Ltd. I knew nothing of the firm except what it made; that it stood on a London by-pass among a batch of buildings with a 1938-ish look; and that a lot of girls were said to work there. Even now I don't know how many people Nons employ, though I'd estimate about five hundred. It's been as difficult to get casual information on that as on other factual points about our firm. What I have accumulated, however, is a plateful of theories on the standard industrial headaches. One stands out—the desirability of some measure of democracy at work for the unskilled female employee.

I've done three jobs in the three months. On job A I stood or sat at a runway. Boxes trundled along it, four to the minute. I did one of three things: inserted a couple of pieces of paper, thrust in a handful of shavings, or fixed the lid on. In job B a conveyor bore two species of boxes, old and new. I lifted off the latter. Job C is less complex. Only one kind of box sails along the belt. But it weighs 8 lbs. and has to be stacked into a pile 12 feet by 14 feet, behind me. I can see, and occasionally am near enough to talk to, one of six other stackers: and I can snatch disjointed bits of conversation with the girls and women who, at intervals, carry off the boxes on trucks to the delivery vans. In other words, I'm on a typical stock-room job. Most, not all of us, dislike "stacking." My mate, for example, a cautious middle-aged woman, finds it quite satisfactory—no interference, no hustle, and nothing in it to worry you.

We have a 44-hour week and regard the pay as reasonably good. The weekly £3 12s. I get is 2s. 5d. more than the average for women manual wage earners. The amenities, which are good too, we take for granted. The surroundings are light, airy, clean, gaily painted and not overpoweringly noisy, except in certain spots. We have all the standard facilities—a first-rate canteen; nurses; hot water; music while you work; pension schemes. We see notices about cricket and tennis, but the only voluntary activity which has touched my mate or me was the Derby sweep.

This doesn't mean we have no sport at work. Any amount of banter, joking, bottom-slapping and robust, uninhibited liveliness crops up among ourselves, and between us and any men engineers and electricians who, at rare intervals, come into our orbit. Individuals burst into abrupt, strident snatches of song, "Cos I *love* my blossom," or "Ave Maria." No one frowns on this. It's part of the lustiness and bonhomie which sets us apart from schools and offices with their middle-class traditions of the solemnness of work. Moral disapproval seldom blights us. The youngster who larks about and upsets a truck isn't a "naughty girl." She's a "young fool." The compensations are obvious.

We are a presentable lot—our rig-outs as multi-coloured as the front gardens of the L.C.C. housing estate where some of us live. Slatterns are out of date. Perms, wedges, turbans and Max Factor mask the range of social strata which we represent. And they camouflage the fence that still divides us unskilled factory hands from the formally educated. My guess is that we are less literate and less socially civilised than our looks suggest. We don't admit it, but I fancy that we are conscious of social and intellectual inferiority. Some of us don't care for the people on the bus to see that we carry a factory overall; and we fairly often refer to the fact that for an office or shop job you need more brains and education than we have.

Our conversation shows up the intellectual level. The girls' talk hardly ranges beyond two themes, personal appearance and personal relations. The latter means fellows—mine, yours, hers. Even among the older women the only public event in the last three months which has fished talk out of the sea of personal and domestic affairs has been the Derby. Again, no one in a group of women in their 40s challenges the assumption that the new higher insurance contribution is just a Government racket to squeeze more cash from us. "Bet Attlee's feathering *his* nest all right." Another indication of limited interests is perhaps shown in the amount of mild innuendo on sex and the physical functions. Half a dozen girls of 19 or 20, if they feel like it, can work this up into an afternoon of sheer bawdiness.

It's partly the narrowness of our feminine factory world which charges our personal relations with such extreme significance. I'd say that on the whole these are good at Nons. The toilets don't produce any heavier crop of malicious gossip than is normal. The cluster of cronies who aren't having any outsider sitting on *their* bench (at the tea break) are amiable enough to other, equally exclusive sets. And we don't discriminate against other departments except for a generic sniff at the office staff. They are no better than us of course, but only about four of our girls have the nerve to go up to the office-frequented tennis club. And there are pointers to positive good will. Old hands show the most obvious of ropes to new ones for days on end. One of us has a financial crisis and there is a whip round for her, quick and quiet.

Few of us show positive feelings, either of attachment or dislike, towards the firm. Among the youngsters, the typical contented girl is satisfied by having good personal relationships (with the half dozen people she works beside), decent working conditions, and reasonably good money. She doesn't bother much what job she actually handles. She assumes that she will marry at about 21-23 (nine of the sixteen girls under 21 whom I've worked alongside in the three months are officially engaged) and that, if she should go back to work later on, it will be just a temporary measure to meet a financial emergency. In other words, her contentment is based on immediate personal satisfactions. She has no conception of a continuing and ascending career, and no reasoned attachment to the firm.

The discontented girls demonstrate their emotions in cheek, casualness, unsocial behaviour and the usual insignia of personal frustration. They are profoundly indifferent to "work"—the boring, petty jobs which don't give them a chance to vent their hostility on overcoming difficulties connected with it. The firm doesn't mean a rap to them. If they realise that a production drive exists, it's "Why work harder for no more pay?" (or for more than you need to buy those wedges on Friday?) Why work at all? Better get married.

Our attitude to trade unions is another disturbing feature. My mate, for example, generous, kind-hearted, and socially co-operative, has no sort of use for the official machinery of a Union—"only makes you discontented." The rest of us share her opinion apparently. We have no Union. Not only have we no Union and no shop stewards, but there is apparently no machinery by which we can get information about our firm. The foreman and the personnel manager are the two we know by name who must have the facts; but people like us, timid as we are about making new contacts even within our own social level, aren't going to any foreman with our questions. And we do need facts. Here are my mate and I, grown women, with the firm for three months, and we know less of the how and why of Nons than any visitor who gapes round of an afternoon. We know nothing of its history, war record, personalities, triumphs—the human story which, to quote our magazines, would touch our little womanly hearts. Profits, losses, experiments, difficulties—where the raw materials come from, where our two thousand boxes each day go off to—who knows? And, of course, we know nothing whatever of our firm's part in the production drive. Are we hitting our target? Have we got a target?

We shouldn't care if we did know? My hunch is that such an assumption underestimates our goodwill and our wits. If that's how management assesses us, I'd say it's too witless itself to realise what social and economic reforms, plus a couple of wars, have done to raise the level of the traditional female factory hand. I've another hunch, that we women are incurably altruistic. We've a passion to be useful—to a person. And some of us would extend this feminine vice from our private life to our job *if* we realised that anyone's well-being depended on us in the national economic crisis or even in A. Nons' unintelligible concerns.

Would it step up production? I can only speak for my own job. I couldn't shift a box *better* certainly; but I could do it a shade more quickly, and I should be much more likely to stay with the firm (and bring down those labour turnover figures) if I had a more intelligent conception of my part in it. What we need is some mental stimulant connected with our working life.

PEARL JEPHCOTT

AWAY FROM IT ALL

WHO cares about politics? In this crisis-inured world crises have become the esoteric property of newspapers and politicians, almost meaningless to the individual. For the individual a crisis only happens when he has no money to pay the rent, has an accident at work, or is called up. Anyone under forty has lived in a continuing crisis all his adult life. Incidents like Berlin are mere hillocks not high enough above the general level of wasteness to stimulate more than slight curiosity. In the first newspaper I saw in England after being out of it for most of August a newspaper correspondent was distressed at the British public's apparent lack of interest in Berlin. The thuds between the lines seemed to say: "Not so in wide-awake Europe. *They* know how vital the issues are." But in France and Italy I hardly heard politics mentioned and Berlin never. One Frenchman remarked on getting an excellent cup of coffee for a mere 15 francs, at his first stop in France on returning from Italy, that there must have been a change of government while he was away. A Frenchwoman, who lived for smart dresses and scents, explained that she hated Communism but voted Communist because she thought democracy was finished; and an Italian described the hardships of the workers. That was all. I was no longer among the professionally involved or those who passion for politics is high above the norm. I was with those whose concern is limited to things which make an immediate personal impact on them, and it was not displeasing to learn again that they are still the vast majority, and that they remain unshaken by the events which keep Mr. Bevin up all night.

* * *

Perhaps, of course, it was being on holiday. Perhaps everyone else—waiters, garage mechanics, hotel owners, shopkeepers—all had that holiday air of deceit which cloaks everything in too quickly shattered make-believe. It is not a real world when you learn in Monte Carlo that the rich English, once the lords of tourism, now spend their money in their hotels, a trifle in the very dull Casino, and have nothing left for the shops; that even the hotel bills are paid by the judicious sale of petrol coupons. A 500 litres allowance can be turned with care into some 20,000 francs (£25). But it is important to sell the coupons early in the month—towards the end the price drops sharply from 50 or 60 francs a litre to 30 and 20. Coffee is still highly saleable and can be conveniently packed in the car. Two cars means rather more than double spending money, as one can be laid up (the Belgians do this trick regularly, driving two cars over the border, dumping one and going on in the other). An Italian business man in Genoa, who sells many commodities, told me he was convinced that up to 75 per cent. of the English travelling in Italy depend on illegal currency. Otherwise they could not afford to buy such large quantities of materials in his shops. His estimate is no doubt far too high, but in Italy petrol coupons fetch very little—10 lira (1½d.) a litre—and other means have to be employed to swell the £35. Certainly there are a multitude of transactions through middlemen who sell lira for sterling in London (the lira to be collected in Italy) and *vice versa*. The traffic is impossible to detect as the currency used is held in cash in both countries and presumably not even the profits are banked.

* * *

Superficially the Black Market seems to be held in check in Italy. The policy of the Government is to fix official prices nearly as high as those in the "free" market. Petrol at 5s. 10d. a gallon is so dear that black marketeers, who cannot get more than 6s. 6d. for a gallon, are almost ruled out. Hence the paltry return for illicit coupons. In cigarettes, economics have turned somersault. Chesterfields, Lucky Strikes, Camels are sold in profusion and officially at 350 lira (3s. 8d.) for twenty, whilst the Black Market price is 2s. 6d. Maybe it is something to do with the Marshall Plan and stocking up Italy with good things to prevent it going Communist. The bread is as white as it used to be in England pre-war, and, by English standards, cheap, but wage levels are far lower. To the visitor many goods are cheap: a silk scarf that would cost four guineas in a London store can be bought for 16s. 6d., and leather belts, that would be sold in England for a pound, for 6s.

* * *

But the charm of cheap luxury goods was offset for me by the monstrous imposition of having to pay to go on the beach. Technically the payment (4s. 6d. a day) was for a bathing cabin, but it was forbidden to undress on the beach or to dump any clothes on it—no cabin, no swimming. We looked up and down the coast for a free beach. We found "Spiaggia Reservata Colonia Milanese" which a little reasoning seemed to convert into "Beach reserved for some school from Milan." British and undaunted we descended the cliff. On the second day the school girls with their nuns were there. We sat firmly and stodgily on the rocks staring out to sea. A nun approached. We began to read. The nun got closer and began to talk excitedly and point at the children, at the notice and up the cliff. We smiled politely, and in a few minutes risked: "Parlez-vous Français?" She didn't, but appeared stimulated by the question. We smiled more and held out open, incomprehensive hands. Finally, to convince her that we were as unredeemable as any heathen Hottentots, I held out my wrist and put my finger to the hands of my watch as one does to anyone who asks the time. That finished her, but we didn't feel happy on that beach any more. Next day we returned to a beach where you paid and, with our bathing costumes already on under our clothes, moved on to the beach by a non-paying entrance. The attendant came up and with the help of some enthusiastic Italians I explained, partly in broken French and partly in English, that Roman Law excluded the private possession of any part of the shore washed by the sea. Roman law was the basis of all laws of all European countries. I was sitting on sand still wet from the sea. It would be illegal to make me pay. I hope this was accurate: he was very puzzled and never molested us again.

* * *

To know if living were more expensive in Italy than in France one would have to stay there more than eight days. But in Italy the pension charged 1,200 lira (13s.) a day and was the cheapest in the district. In Mentone it was 15s. 3d. but much more than 2s. 3d. worth better in quality and quantity of food and in cleanliness. One Frenchwoman tried to persuade me that it was impossible for an office girl Paris to get her midday meal for less than 200-250 francs (5s.). She may be right as a general rule; but Prisunic, a big department store in the Champs-Elysées, something like a Marks and Spencers, serve a good three-course lunch for around 120 francs and half a carafe of good *vin ordinaire* for 35 francs. But estimates by travellers in a country of the cost of living are irrelevant to the inhabitants affected by considerations of wage rates, internal value of the currency and scarcity. The prices of meat and butter in the shops were two to three times higher than those of England in both countries. My own personal index of inflation in France is measured by a gargoyle bought for 4 francs before the war in a shop near the Notre Dâme. Last year its replica was 60 francs. This year it was 75. One thing that is always cheaper in France than in England is garage service. In Paris you can park your car in a garage for 60 francs (1s. 4d.) a night. In London you are lucky to do it for less than 4s. Mechanics, too, are more helpful and more efficient. They find out what is wrong quicker and charge less.

* * *

Politeness of the accosted, however obliquely probed, prevents even a relative assessment of the prevailing strength of British prestige. I feel a vague illogical pride when I learn that the Black Market price of the pound in France is still 140 francs over the official rate. But Cannes, Nice, Monte Carlo, Aix-Les-Bains, Paris though thronged with the British (who rich and poor must surely travel more than any other nation) now obviously bow the knee to the Americans. Nevertheless friendliness abounds—to the extent in Mentone of selling handsome coloured postcards of the town's statue of Queen Victoria without mentioning that the Italians, after they had taken Mentone, pitched the statue into the sea and only left the pedestal. Nor could the experiences of a doctor met on the road damp his warm kindness. He had been the official doctor to the French basket-ball team in the Olympic Games. Having read in the *Continental Daily Mail* of the triumphs of organisation I asked in the note of voice expecting the answer, yes, whether he had been well looked after. "Terrible," he said. "We were out at Uxbridge. The time-table for the transport was arranged to suit the drivers and not the members of the teams. No matter what time our match was we were taken off every day directly after breakfast and not brought back till twelve at night." But all in all the British seemed popular although not impressive. They no longer came abroad with equipages like the Earl of Bristol but in motor cars with £35. In the greetings they receive there is a tinge of nostalgia for times past and a lingering hope of things to come which drives away the brusqueness which might otherwise be accorded to near paupers.

Woodrow Wyatt

AN AINU STORY

"In old days, when I spoke, it was like a voice echoing through a hollow bow-handle, a handle of rolled cherry-bark. But now I am feeble and old. Is there no one I can send, no bold and clever speaker, who will carry my complaints to the Country of Heaven?" So I said, tapping on the lid of my iron-wood locker; and suddenly a voice at my door said, "Who bolder, who cleverer a speaker than I? You will not find a better messenger." And when I looked, it was the young crow. I brought him into my house, and began at once, tapping all the while on the lid of my iron-wood locker, to instruct him about my complaints, so that he might go as my messenger to the Country of Heaven. For three days I instructed him about my complaints, dividing them into three headings; but while I was still speaking I suddenly noticed that the young crow, sitting behind the fire-guard, had fallen asleep. At this I fell into a great rage, and setting upon the young crow I beat him to death with my wings. Then, while I tapped the iron-wood lid of my locker, I said again, "Who will be my messenger and carry my complaints to the Country of Heaven?"

Suddenly a voice at my door said, "I am a bold and clever speaker. What better messenger could you find?" And when I looked, I saw it was the mountain jay. I brought him in, and while I tapped upon the lid of my iron-wood locker I instructed him about my complaints, arranging them under four principal headings, and continuing for four days. But the jay fell fast asleep, sitting behind the fire-guard. When I saw this I was in a great rage, and advancing upon him I beat the jay to death with my wings.

Then, tapping all the while on the iron-wood lid of my locker, "I want a messenger," I said, "a bold and clever speaker to carry my complaints to the Country of Heaven." Some one entered very quietly and politely, and when I looked, there I saw the young water-ousel in his god-like beauty, sitting on the seat at the left. Then tapping on the lid of my iron-wood locker, I began all night and all day to instruct him about the terms of my complaint. And when I looked at the ousel he showed no sign of wearying. Day and night he listened, for six whole nights and days. When at last I stopped speaking, he flew straight out of the window and up to the Country of Heaven. What I had told him to say was to this effect: There is a famine among the people of the world and they are at the point of death. And what is the reason? The gods in the Country of Heaven that have charge of deer, the gods that have charge of fish, have agreed together to send no more deer, to send no more fish. These gods no longer pay any heed at all to the prayers of the people, and when men go to the mountain they find no deer, and when men go fishing they get no fish. I am heart-rent to see this, and that is why I have sent a messenger to the god of deer and the god of fish.

Some days afterwards, I heard a faint noise in the sky, and when I looked, there was the ousel, more lovely than before, full of dignity and grace, returned from the Country of Heaven to tell me how he had delivered my complaint. "The reason," he said, "why the god of deer and the god of fish in the Country of Heaven are sending no deer and no fish is that when men took deer they beat them over the head with a stick, flayed them, and without more ado threw the head away into the woods; and when they caught fish, they hit them over the head with a piece of rotten wood. The deer, weeping bitterly, went to the god of deer, and the fish with the rotten stick in their mouths went to the god of fish. These two gods, very angry, took counsel together and agreed to send no more deer and no more fish. But if men would promise to treat the deer they take with courtesy, and the fish they catch with courtesy, the gods will send them deer and fish."

When I heard what the god of deer and the god of fish had said, I praised the young ousel and thanked him. "It is true enough," I said to myself. "Men have treated the deer and the fish very scurvily." So I visited men in their dreams when they were asleep, and taught them never again to do such things. Then they saw that it was bad to do as they had done, and ever afterwards they made all the gear with which they caught fish delicately. They decked out the heads of the deer daintily and made offerings before them. Henceforward the fish came happy and proud to the god of fish, with things lovely as prayer-sticks in their mouths; and the deer came happy, on the completing of their monthly shift, to make report to the god of deer. The gods of deer and fish were pleased, and sent plenty of fish, plenty of deer, so that now men had no more troubles, never felt the pinch of hunger, and I am happy about them in my mind. I am old and feeble, and for a long while I have been wanting to go away from here to the Country of Heaven. But I have always been afraid that there might be another famine among the people whom I protect, and so I stayed here. Yet now I feel that there is nothing to worry about; I am going to leave the bravest and strongest of men to take my place and protect the people, and am going away to the Country of Heaven.

So spoke the old god, the god that guarded the land, and flew away to the Country of Heaven.

Translated by Arthur Waley

THE NORTH SEA

r not for a king's daughter? Here where Sir atrick Spens
t down to survive as a shiver in the scalp, name,
rage among the smearbread in the steamer
the same snacks as a year ago and the same
l flies past the porthole while the immense
of this Nordic sea outstares the dreamer,

il he doubts whether the time between
se trips held any content; until he doubts
ether the space between is not his all
l Bergen and Tynehead merely ins and outs,
touch or the dead ball line, since these green
ves are the only field of play for the ball,

ich makes one think (Sir Patrick went down laying
l a loud laugh laughed he) the laugh is on us
o assert we are going to or from say Norway,
o assume (*a quo* or *ad quem*) a terminus,
o count this course between a mere delaying
l the cold vast between a stooge, a doorway.

orway? No more so than your office hours.
orway? No more so than your hours in bed
ne or with a companion. And stooge no more
n any counted or discounted flowers
stars which you might breed or weed or wed
grope for through strange lenses—or ignore.

this, while we are in it, is an arena,
erfect blue, green, grey, or pepper and salted ought,
which beneath an indifferent sky the ghosts
Vikings board and grapple and the coasts
ich they were briefed to raid shrink to an lle thought
l each long dragon ship like an amphisbaena

gs with both head and tail—but like a bee
ves her sting in time and thereby dies
l thereby lives in legend. The rover drowned
a Thursday lives on a Thor's Day, the waves gree
differ in Old Norse, the years rebound
souse us in a lather of battle cries

l, as these top and vex our engines' pulse,
hull-down on the horizon we can divine
chain of round bright shields on a long gun-vale
hing to give the lie to screw and funnel,
caterpillar up the scarps of brine
e a tank's bogies, proving progress false.

us the Dark Ages like a traversing gun
ver our own and we are in their sights,
lvars and Olafs jostle our Esquires
l blood-lust our conventions; what we have lone
ewhere is nowhere when the North Sea night's
ck single eye turns round on us and fires;

l we the target are the pupil too,
hted and sighting, are the central point
und which the master's hand in strident chalk
s roughed a circle in the pointless blue
ich timelessly is true like the great auk
t within time the times are out of joint,

l no ideal can be drawn to the life
l no eye gaze on it and never blink;
saw the new world late yestreen with the old
oll in her arms and now, shrill as a fife,
e wind is rising, the king's daughter is cold
well she might be for this ship must sink.

l though Sir Patrick Spens were a man of iron
l master of his craft, he must conform
the sea's routine; a wife in every port
nothing to that unconscionable siren
ose arms are the lifting skylines and to court
om is to court the end, the deadly storm.

Viking's last battle, their proverb ran,
always a defeat (not literally
ue but true); just so the skipper's last
Trip is a wreck, settling down equitably
To drown in the arms of his mistress and mother, a fast
Lock of ill luck, an ending where he began.

Thus the wheel of the sea, of life, comes full circle, the gun
Swings in the swinging turret and finds her range
To illuminate, to annihilate, in a flash
Our timebound cargo and in a flash to change
The morse of the mind to changelessness—dot and dash
Be ended and the circle and point be one.

And so between firth and fro Sir Patrick must make his call
To find say a northern queen, say Understanding,
And make her take ship home with him—as must we—
And should our fate preclude both home and landing
Yet to have even embarked her, though not all,
Is all most men can hope for in such a sea.

LOUIS MACNEICE,
May, 1948

The Arts and Entertainment

RADIO NOTES

It is plainly one of the B.B.C.'s duties to report and comment on such public events as the jubilee and abdication of Queen Wilhelmina of the Netherlands. Unfortunately, piety is the enemy of liveliness and, almost inevitably, the jubilee programmes were anything but exciting. Mr. Leonard Cottrell's *Window on Europe: Holland* was, indeed a positive *tour-de-force* of dullness. At his best, Mr. Cottrell is a most able radio journalist, but in compiling this programme he seemed to be quite unduly constrained by his sense of occasion. It was, one felt, a mistake for him to narrate the programme himself, and the feature was far too long for the method of narration that he adopted. What he produced was, compared, say, with Mr. Heppenstall's recent programme on Strasbourg or the *Focus on France* of a few weeks ago, the broadcast equivalent of a magic lantern lecture in the parish hall, with Holland as the theme instead of the Holy Land. *Queen Wilhelmina: A Portrait and a Greeting*, very well narrated by Mr. Kenneth Adam, was a more polished piece of work. But one listened with the embarrassment which the adulation of royalty customarily forces upon one. The impression the programme made was, in fact, the reverse of that intended. What the author and the speakers wished to bring home was the Queen's humanity; but it came out rather as naive surprise that crowned heads could be friendly, polite and punctual, like other human beings. It was, for instance, thought important to tell us, in an account of the Queen's activities as a broadcaster during the war, that "she willingly accepted voice and level tests"; to which one can only retort that, if she had not, she wouldn't have been been much good as a broadcaster.

There would be no need to take this programme so seriously were it not that it appeared in, of all places, the Third Programme. This is surely disturbing. I had thought that it was precisely this type of programme, necessary as it doubtless is, that would find no place in the Third. Were listeners who later in the evening were to hear Mr. Muggeridge's review of Mr. Gilbert's *Nuremberg Diary*, Mr. Day Lewis's reading of Clough's *Amours de Voyage*, Dr. Wimperis on *The Control of Atomic Energy*, or Mr. Murry's imaginary conversation *The Poetic Character*, really expected to be edified and entertained by anecdotes about Queen Wilhelmina's childhood? In any case, the Third had already, at its own level, made its contribution to the celebrations in Professor Geyl's interesting talk *Great Britain and the House of Orange*. The proper place for such a programme as *Queen Wilhelmina* was, one might have assumed, the Home Service or the Light Programme—and, sure enough, *Queen Wilhelmina* made its appearance, in a shortened version, in the Light Programme on Sunday afternoon. Should programmes in the Third and Light Programmes be so easily interchangeable? The time may soon come when a "Hands off the Third Programme!" campaign will be necessary, for there seems some evidence that a conscious effort is being made to make the Third "popular," i.e., to lower its standards. In the light of last week's aberration, the presence of those quite inferior plays of the 1914-1918 war, which were broadcast last month, now seems sinister. At the time it could be interpreted, charitably, that they were there because of their historical interest, as illustrations of the mood of a period. Now, I am not so sure. I am left wondering whether they were there because someone has decided to go out for higher listening figures for the Third Programme.

WILLIAM SALTER

THE MOVIES

"XIVth Olympiad—The Glory of Sport," at the Gaumont and the Marble Arch Pavilion.

"Antoine et Antoinette," at the Rialto.

"Life with Father," at Warner's.

The Olympics film is a newsreel in Technicolor, lasting two-and-a-quarter hours and giving us a bit of everything: winter sports, athletics, swimming, yachting, rowing, horsemanship—only fencing, which might have provided some graceful sequences, and acrobatics are omitted. No one, I believe, who goes to see the film will complain about his money's worth, or that the thing has been badly done. On the contrary, it has been done pretty well, and in a hurry to catch the straggling remnant of the season's visitors. One piece of bad luck—the weather—reduces the Mediterranean-postcard effect to that of a watery transfer; but still here and there, in the Swiss Alps or rounding the Torbay buoys, the colour has added a little, and it helps to distinguish one runner from another. As the hurdlers go by one doesn't, as on the television, mistake a Negro for a Finn until the commentary puts us right.

Mr. Castleton Knight, who was responsible also for the Royal Wedding film, has achieved the kind of reporting that will appeal to those whose interest was stirred by the Games but who hadn't the time or the money for a visit to Wembley; that is, the great majority of people. We can look out for several things: Mrs. Blankers Koehn on several occasions gracefully legging it away from the field, the two Jamaicans in the 400 metres, the last-minute triumph in the horse jumping. One race we get a view of which no actual spectator more than glimpsed: the Marathon itself. Along by-pass roads and lined suburban streets the runners jaunt, led by a little smiling spectacled Korean, who afterwards reels, totters, and falls aside; cups of water, satchels of food are snatched at and thrown away in passing; Gailly leads, the young Belgian, pounding strongly; miles later and it's still Gailly, but with head slightly tilted, features set as in a death-mask; the agony of this race (how many miles? We've been told but we have forgotten) becomes unendurable, and when at last in the distance the crumpling parody of a runner enters the arena we experience moments of frightful drama. Because he is a very long way ahead, poor Gailly, and he will never manage it. A quarter of the way round the first lap he would gratefully sink to the ground, if a kneeling cameraman didn't yell at his elbow in time to prevent him. Then others come in, to our amazement running strongly, two of them quickly pass him, and it's all over. These are the most exciting sequences of the film; but it is others that amuse or fascinate; the skaters and the turning yachts provide instants of beauty, the skiers make us catch our breath, the weight-putter settling himself reminds us of curious attitudes in insects like the praying mantis. Hardly less beguiling are the various expressions of chagrin which never fail to rouse a deep-seated chuckle in the audience. We may congratulate ourselves, perhaps—as the screen voice does rather solemnly once or twice—that these Games remained friendly. They don't obviously presage a war; if there's no Leni Riefenstal behind the camera, there is also no Hitler up in the box.

Antoine et Antoinette is a Paris romance of the kind established by Clair, with a newly married couple, quarrels in cheap apartments, a lost lottery ticket, and a dream of sailing along poplar'd roads in a motorbike and sidecar. Although the genre has become familiar, it is one that can still enchant, as Jacques Becker demonstrates here with skill and charm. Paris streets and gardens, the Metro rush hour, back-chat and back-stairs supply a generous background, and there is a delightful heroine in Mlle. Claire Maffei. This is a lightly enjoyable piece, but its fun is by no means artless, and more than once Becker uses extraneous sound—the prolonged piano-tuning in the lottery hall and the bride's song—to enhance a moment of discovery or despair.

An elderly lady sitting behind me at the Rialto kept complaining that the film went too quickly; her pace would be met by *Life With Father*, which goes on for hours in the ambling family tradition. Mr. William Powell is father, touchy in the grand manner, and Miss Irene Dunne makes the most of mother, who, with a family of red-heads and fleeing maids, has grown rather in stature since the original legend. Considering the backwash of popularity and adaptation that has overtaken Day's light little masterpiece, its sumptuous filming turns out to be less boring than one might expect. It is at least conscientiously gay.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

OPERA AT EDINBURGH

NOTHING contributed more to the improvement over last year's Glyndebourne productions than the presence of the Royal Philharmonic, now our most reliable orchestra. For *Don Giovanni* it was conducted by Rafael Kubelik, very ably, but with a slight un-Mozartian stiffness and one or two questionable tempi; for *Così fan tutte* by Vittorio Gui, under whom the entire score flowed with an effortless, harmonious ease which precisely matched the spirit of Professor Ebert's production; consequently this was one of the happiest *Così* revivals which I can remember. In the nineteenth century, when musicians were busy deploring the "absurdity" of its plot, and even trying to provide it with a new one, at least two men of letters surrendered to the intense poetic charm of this work: Fitzgerald in England, and Taine in France. Taine's long and little-known account of *Così fan tutte*, which is quoted in the final volume of Saint-Foix's *Mozart*, ranks among the most pentrating pages of Mozartian criticism, and is enough by itself to refute the shallow pedants who are always sneering at the musical tastes of literary men. What struck him above all else was the unique warmth and tenderness of atmosphere in this music, its permeation by the sense of love and happiness.

> L'air est si doux qu'il suffit de le respirer pour être content. La campagne lointaine est si veloutée que les yeux ne sont jamais las de la contempler . . . Quand Mozart est gai, il ne cesse jamais d'être noble; ce n'est pas un bon vivant . . . son fonds est l'amour absolu de la beauté accomplie et heureuse . . . De fraîches joues, des yeux riants . . . Au delà, le grand ciel ouvert, la mer azurée, luisent toujours avec le sérénité de leur joie et de leur jeunesse immortelles.

These words penetrate to the heart of this celestial score, and they might almost have served as text for the Edinburgh conductor and producer. Not so, unfortunately, for the stage designer, Mr. Rolf Gérard, whose decorations are successful enough in general outline but sadly undistinguished in detail and colour, Taine's "grand ciel ouvert" and "mer azurée" being here surrounded by a thick black cardboard frame, about as un-Neapolitan an effect as one could imagine; and Despina's dress a perfect fright. This opera deserves a Bonnard, a Dufy, a Duncan Grant; but, except for Caspar Neher's *Macbeth*, decor has always been Glyndebourne's weakest suit. I lack space to describe the cast in detail. The lovers' arias were somewhat less brilliantly sung than before the war, but I doubt if the ensembles have ever sounded better, and both the intriguers were improvements on their Glyndebourne predecessors. Hilde Gueden never *squeaked* Despina's music, but sang it, better than anyone I can recall since Lotte Schöne; and it was a stroke of genius to cast Stabile as Don Alfonso, a part to which he brought all his gaiety, his irony, his superb diction and his infectious enjoyment of the comic predicaments of others.

To say that this year's *Don Giovanni* will be remembered because of a single member of the cast is not to belittle the performance as a whole, in which the only weak spot was the voice of the splendid-looking Commendatore. Two American ladies, Christina Carroll and Ann Ayars, were adequate but unremarkable as Donna Elvira and Zerlina respectively; and much the same is true of Richard Lewis's Don Ottavio—but then to be even an adequate Don Ottavio is something of an achievement. Vito de Taranto would be a first-class Leporello if he would sing more, and speak less; and Paolo Silveri's well-acted Don Giovanni contained the smoothest vocalisation we have had from this baritone since he first arrived in London with the Neapolitan troupe. But all these performances, whether good or moderate, paled before the fire of Ljuba Welitsch's Donna Anna; from the quiet desperation of her "Genti! servi!" in the opening struggle with her seducer, to her radiant enunciation of the final motto-theme, this splendid artist never caused us a moment's anxiety; the torrential fury of her great outburst in the first act is a rare mo
example of the grand manner, thrilling in declama
and achieved in terms of the purest legato sing
Her voice is more remarkable for clarity
accuracy of intonation than for the great swee
or warmth; perfectly even from top to bottom,
can be heard running through the most complic
ensembles like a delicious stream of cold water.

Having hurried south to hear Lennox Berkel
new Piano Concerto at the Proms, I found to
dismay that a wireless set in Edinburgh would
served me better; from where I sat in the Al
Hall, the effect was like looking through the wr
end of a badly focused telescope: an attractive
movement was just discernible, the rest was
The sooner the musical public shows that it has
enough of the Albert Hall, the better for compo
and listeners alike.

DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLO

THE THEATRE

**"An English Summer" at the Lyric, Hamm
smith.**

"Don't Listen Ladies" at the St. James's.

"Rain on the Just" at the Aldwych.

An English Summer takes place within the conf
of an R.A.F. Fighter Station during the Battle
Britain. Either we are at the control panel fr
which the older men, the last war pilots, control
co-ordinate the fighters by wireless; or we are
at the dispersal huts from which the young fig
pilots fly. It is this contrast between the young
the middle-aged, the active pilots and the pa
which creates the emotional atmosphere of this
skilfully managed play. True the contrast is sy
bolised by a hackneyed and improbable plot-de
which simply has to be swallowed whole. But
that gulp had been made, *An English Sum*
seemed to me to be a most authentic, moving
which should capture anyone who enjoyed *Journ*
End. We have had the R.A.F. on the screen se
times but, in the cinema treatment, one was us
left feeling that their understatement was only a f
of sentimentality and their refusal to be heroic
a way of being heroic. Yet the off-hand, the ca
the throw-away, these were genuinely the disting
ing marks of the English at war and of fighter p
in particular. Mr. Ronald Adams, the author of
play, has caught this exactly and at the same t
has been remarkably tactful in avoiding the exce
of these qualities. In this respect his play is a ma
piece of discretion. Whether it is authentic
picture or not, it is certainly absolutely authentic
an idealisation of how we like to think of ourse
behaving in such circumstances. It is a triumph

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e" in the same way that Gray's Elegy on its different level is a triumph of "tone." Here commonplaces of sentiment are struck at exactly right pitch: neither flat, and so cheating our feel-, nor sharp and so exploiting them; that is a very iderable achievement in dealing with this theme, ling as it is with the worst possibilities. The or's intentions are perfectly caught by his actors. André Morel, a highly accomplished actor with uch wider range than this sort of realism allows, ts himself admirably to the part of the "last war "—just the right note of responsible maturity just the right touch of boyishness; while Mr. r Hammond navigates the young pilot through tricky shoals of sentiment with great skill and erity. With a single exception the rest of the pany represents absolutely exact casting, and the of their acting is high. Mr. Gordon Crier, the lucer, is to be congratulated on keeping the whole erfectly pitched.

he rest of the new productions fall well below Sacha Guitry's comedy of marriage, *Don't en Ladies* is from a native recipe that we have her the material nor the style to use in England resent. High comedy, indeed, may soon be a lost here, and perhaps that is bound to be so, for it usually been the concomitant of High Life. istically it is fatal to smudge the distinction ben it and farce. High comedy steals its laughs by merest flick of the eyelid, the slightest turn of the , timing as light-fingered as a pickpocket's. It ot survive being shoved across the footlights with avy push, long pauses and the admixture of some k-about. There are quite a number of plums—erhaps one should say raisins—in this pudding, epigrams and bright retorts, but the mixing has done with leaden hands.

here are some good lines in *Rain on the Just*, too, otherwise I cannot say much for this widely ed play. I found the story and the characters lessly conventional and quite lifeless. Miss ie Ney gives a good performance as a baronet's her keeping the old family place going against all ; and Mr. Michael Denison as the ruthless net who recognises that its day is over has a easy natural manner on the stage.

nally, at the Palladium there is a strong bill suping Miss Dinah Shore—a not strikingly unusual rican crooner ("songstress" the programme calls In particular there are the Nicholas brothers, Cubans, who sing and dance with the most orating and infectious gaiety: and there is Mr. ie Hunter who, in the middle of an overterous turn, suddenly drops into a scintillating e of a poker-player finding four aces in his hand.

T. C. Worsley

BALLET AT THE PRINCE'S THEATRE

The Ballets des Champs Elysées, founded almost on faith alone by Boris Kochno and a group of very young dancers, and actively supported by a few of the best French painters, musicians and *décorateurs*, has become in less than three years one of the famous ballet companies of the world. It has a very distinctive character, compounded of poetry, high spirits and an indefinable French modishness. The loss of Roland Petit was a severe one, more on account of his extraordinary choregraphic gifts, powers of leadership and poetic interpretation than for his technical accomplishments as a dancer; and in a ballet like *Les Forains* one misses him badly. But Algaroff, who dances in it now for the first time, has not yet had time to express himself in the rôle of the Conjuror, one of Petit's most poetic creations. He is certainly a very fine dancer, and as the Young Man in *Le Rendez-vous* even surpasses Petit. The scene between Destiny (Jean Blanchard) and the Young Man is now more lucid as well as more poignantly Kafka-ish, and the duet between Babilée, as the hunchback, and Algaroff is of a virtuosity, intensity and beauty which surpasses anything we had seen before.

Nathalie Philippart also gives a quite delightful rendering of the *fille fatale*. As the Sleeping Beauty in *Les Forains* she seemed rather too aristocratic; but this proud bearing is perfectly in keeping with her sinister rôle in *Le Jeune Homme et La Mort*, and her capacity to render power without sacrificing grace and beauty makes her an ideal partner for Jean Babilée, whose great nobility of movement and expression is compatible with the most sordid as well as the most romantic situations. Indeed, in the last named ballet Babilée's spirit seems in some mysterious way to dance Bach's sublime Passacaglia, while his tormented heart and body dance his personal agony. Time has confirmed this ballet as a great masterpiece.

Two new ballet-divertissements are Petit's brilliant *Treize Danses*, to music by Grétry and dresses by Dior, and *Fête Galante*, with choreography by Gsovsky, music by Arrieu and decor by Beaurepaire. It has a feeble libretto, but Gsovsky has invented some charming steps, and one remembers Deryk Mendel's performance of the Prince and an elegant double turn by Gerard Ohn, whose fine presence justifies a little more self-confidence. Irène Skorik and Jean Guélis give a very fine performance of *Le Cygne Noir*.

The company has been joined by Riabouchinska and Lichine, to its great enrichment both in dance and choreography.

Beryl de Zoete

Correspondence

SOVIET GENETICS

Sir,—I note that, according to Critic (August 21st), I must be rather embarrassed by the recent discussion on genetics in the Soviet Union. I should be very embarrassed if I believed all Critic's statements. But I note the allegation that Vavilov died in prison. According to Dobzhansky's article, "N. I. Vavilov, a martyr of genetics" (Journ. Hered., 1947), he died at Magadan in the Arctic, where he was breeding frost-resisting plants. According to other accounts he was in Leningrad during the first winter of its siege. If so, he was only one of many thousands who died after evacuation from that city. I also note that Mendel is alleged to have propounded his work "over a century ago," though his fundamental paper was published in 1865. I must therefore postpone comment on some of Critic's other remarks till I have obtained a translation of the report of this controversy, when I propose to comment on it very fully, supporting the opinions of the minority if I agree with them. Meanwhile I am informed that such men as Schmalhausen, whom "Critic" mentions, have not lost their posts. If true, this is in no way surprising. For example, the philosopher Deborin was not dismissed when the majority accused him of "menshevizing idealism" at a similar debate.

I should be much more embarrassed were the situation of genetical work outside the Soviet Union satisfactory. But, to take only two examples, in Western Germany prominent human geneticists who supported racialism continue at their posts, while such men as Bernstein, who propounded the now accepted theory of blood group inheritance, remain in exile. In London the research grant to my department has been so far reduced during the present year that I have had to dispense with the paid services of three research workers, and may be unable to preserve animal stocks which have taken fifteen years to build up. I confess that I would prefer to have been admonished by *The Times*, or even the *Daily Herald*, for my incorrect genetical theories. If this letter is read in Moscow, perhaps *Pravda* will take up my case. I hope it will not, for such a course is no more likely to help me to continue my work than the British press accounts of the Moscow controversy are likely to help Zhebrak or Zavadovsky, if indeed they are in difficulties. I think that Critic might do worse than investigate the state of several branches of British science before he again exercises his talents on that of our allies. However, I fully recognise that, in the opinion of many of your readers, such an attitude is the narrowest parochialism.

J. B. S. Haldane

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WROCLAW CONGRESS

SIR,—I should like to supplement a little, if I may, your lively description of the high jinks at what I, for one, found the most invigorating conference it has ever been my fortune to attend.

There is a risk, in describing the jovial cut and thrust of debate at the Wroclaw "Cultural Congress for Peace," of obscuring its very positive aspects. And a like risk in too readily endorsing the current mythology that any enterprise with which Communists are associated must be evil in intention, method or result.

After all, the world being what it is today, like it or not everyone has got to get used to the idea that, for some time to come, any kind of international collaboration on a wide scale is going to involve Communists and non-Communists getting used to one another.

To take the last point briefly first. Some attempt has been made—it has been reported for example of Dr. Huxley—to suggest that it was never intended the conference should deal with "political" matters. Surely anyone who received and read the French-Polish sponsoring Committee's invitation, with its title and the points set out for discussion "Is a new war inevitable?" can hardly have supposed so.

What any accepter was entitled to assume was that the discussion would be fairly conducted, and that every point of view there represented should have its say. The list of British spokesmen—Olaf Stapledon, A. J. P. Taylor, Professor Haldane, Dr. Huxley, Professor Bernal, Sir John Boyd Orr—surely indicates that our group was enabled to provide the variety of its choice. Have we any of us the right to assume that this was not what all concerned wanted *ab initio*? Did anybody urge any pulling of punches?

I have heard the criticism that there should have been fewer general speeches and that participants could more profitably have been grouped in working commissions. I certainly hope that this will be done at any future conference of the kind. But, remember, this was the first such conference—the first so "ideologically" mixed and so geographically-wide-in-provenance a meeting—since the war. Plenty was bottled up that many had travelled far to uncork.

The resolution? Are you quite fair to non-Communists in placing all the emphasis on *Communist* drive to find common ground and save split resolutions, as though the eventual general acceptance (423 to 12 with 10 abstentions) represented some "concession"? Surely nearly all—including yourself—were agreed that peace, and thus *all* good interests, would best be served if we found enough common ground for a single resolution, and that is why so much hard work was done, on all sides, to reach it.

Its terms? Emphasis, as factors dangerous to peace, on race discrimination and on advocacy of war as a solution to problems. Demand for increased freedom of cultural development and exchange, but with warnings of the danger of subjugation of national cultures and against licence to Fascist pseudo-culture. The call to intellectuals to regard it as a duty to warn mankind, and to discuss—not swallow, mark you, but discuss—these points. Is it really to be supposed that these many groups so generally—the French unanimously, the British and Americans with so few exceptions—and comprising such personalities supported this resolution out of weak-minded amiability and not out of conviction?

The resolution lacks precision? So what? Why not continue what has been started, narrow and define the areas of disagreement, broaden those of agreement and make it more precise?

I have noticed some returned invitees affecting surprise that so animated a conference took place behind the "Iron Curtain." If discussions from such widely different standpoints, taken in as good part and with the same drive to find ways of co-operation, took place more frequently in this country it would be a good thing. And I suggest that, with the experience of Wroclaw behind us, those of us who were there should be well equipped to make, after reflection, practical suggestions whereby the international collaboration of intellectuals for peace could be taken a good deal further. IVOR MONTAGU

SIR,—It might interest many of your readers who were delighted by Mr. Kingsley Martin's report from Wroclaw, "Hyenas and other Reptiles," to hear how the speeches delivered by British speakers from the Wroclaw platform were treated by the Eastern press. *Lidové Noviny*, the daily published by the (of course, *gleichgeschaltet*) Federation of Czech writers, reported in extenso. Olaf Stapledon is severely criticised for "remaining a typical individualist and idealist who overlooks the real nature of the conflicts"; the contents of his speech are hardly mentioned at all. Julian Huxley "let loose the overplayed record of the typical calumnies against the Soviet Union, where culture is allegedly directed from above, where the artists have allegedly no freedom to create, etc." Much space is devoted by *Lidové Noviny* to Professor Haldane ("I don't know anything about lack of freedom in Prague, but I know very much, from own bitter experience, about lack of freedom in London"). According to Mr. Martin, Professor Haldane "was also bluntly critical of the secrecy of the Soviet Union which kept us in the dark about the facts of life in the U.S.S.R." Only hyenas, jackals and other reptiles could have understood his remark in this way. "I often find myself wishing I could obtain more information than I am able to rece regarding matters concerned with the Soviet Unio he said in the *Lidové Noviny* version. "This is not t fault of the Soviet Union, but the fault of the Gove ment of my country." A. J. P. Taylor's contributi has been omitted altogether—not a word of what h said must reach Czech (or Polish or Hungaria readers.

It may be that "British and American speakers ha spoken their minds, loudly, and behind the Iron Cu tain." But how many "behind the Iron Curtain were able to hear or to read what those British an American speakers said? Was it worth the troubl at all? J. W. BRUEGEL

SIR,—With reference to both the resolution an the letter in your last issue on the Wroclaw Con ference, we feel that in fairness certain points shoul be added. Although it is true that the Congres missed a great opportunity by tending, in its pro ceedings and in the final resolution, towards poli tical rather than practical ends, we feel that fro another point of view it was a real success.

The mere fact that Russian intellectuals did com to meet intellectuals of the West is noteworthy an hopeful. Still more striking is the fact that, in spi of their public statements, the Russians did in th end, though very reluctantly, compromise on importa points. In order to secure a resolution acceptable t the majority of the British and American member they agreed to incorporate all the principles of Julia Huxley's resolution, though much careful re-wordin was necessary.

It should be noted that, as was indeed said fro the rostrum, much of the difficulty arose from th fact that many familiar phrases, innocuous to one side were regarded as sinister by the other.

On the level of personal contact it became evide that the Russians, like everyone else, sincerely an even anxiously willed peace. The Poles we throughout friendly and helpful. They were co siderate and generous hosts, and made genuin efforts to bridge the gap between contending poin of view and make the Congress a constructive even

OLAF STAPLEDON
RITCHIE CALDER
FELIKS TOPOLSKI
A. G. WEIDENFELD
C. H. WADDINGTON

GOOD FAITH IN INDONESIA

SIR,—During the holiday which I am spending i this country I have now twice been privileged t read the opinions of THE NEW STATESMAN & NATIO on Dutch policy in Indonesia. They have seemed t me to be extraordinarily one-sided.

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determined critic. You do not trust its word. "Events alone will prove the truth" of its representative's denial that it was planning another military action against the Republic. Already, according to you, it is, "contrary to the Renville Agreement," conducting a "blockade" against Java and Sumatra, which is "clearly aimed at causing economic disintegration of the Republic." It is true that you give the Dutch Government higher marks for its dealings with the Indonesians than you give to the French Government in Indo-China, but this is only on the ground that the Dutch are "subtle quibblers," who are trying with the "connivance of Great Britain and the U.S.A.," to solve their problem by transferring a semblance of power "to their puppets," that is to the Indonesian States outside the Republic.

It is possible to write in this strain only if one accepts the Djocjacarta Republican Government at its own valuation as the true and only representative of Indonesian nationalism and as the organ through which the peoples of Indonesia could be led to a happy state of unity, peace, and fulfilment. But so to regard it is to ignore the realities of the situation.

If there are signs of an economic disintegration of the Republic, this is due, not to a Dutch blockade, which exists only in Republican propaganda, but to the incompetence, lack of responsibility, and corruption of the Republican Government. What the representatives of the Republic at Lake Success describe as the Dutch "blockade" are only measures to prevent traffic in arms and the exportation of goods belonging to Dutch and foreign owners. The authorities at Djocjacarta have consistently attempted to acquire funds by deals of this description. If you want to pass strictures on the violation of agreements concluded between the two sides in this conflict, here is your opportunity. What makes the matter worse is the recklessness with which the Republicans have been willing to dispose of these ill-gotten goods far below market prices, and that they have sold not only produce but capital goods, factory equipment and so forth, thus seriously damaging the economic prospects of the Indonesian community as a whole. This procedure the Dutch have felt called upon to stop, as they were fully entitled and indeed obliged to do by reason of their sovereign rights and responsibilities, which have been recognised by the world at large and by the Republic itself. But while putting a stop to these illicit and deleterious kinds of traffic, the Dutch have never interfered with the legitimate trade movement of the Republic, as appears clearly from the statistics. So much for the "blockade."

The transactions which necessitated the Dutch measures are part of a system—if system can be called what is rather the bungling of a group of enthusiasts who on suddenly finding themselves in charge of a highly organised economic organism were unable to keep their ranks closed to the adventurers and self-seekers attracted by the resulting confusion. Foreign traders have found to their cost that the goods for which the Republican authorities were willing, after having been duly bribed, to sign contracts, sometimes existed only on paper. Very characteristic has been the recent revelation of the opium trade, which was being carried on in great secrecy, and indeed in contravention of all international agreements, but under the cover of diplomatic and other facilities granted by successive Ministers of Finance at Djocjacarta.

Why—to come to the larger question—should you be so eager to side with a regime of so doubtful morality and capacity and to acclaim it as the exponent of Indonesian national aspirations? Of course, you are not singular among professed internationalists in proving yourself curiously blind to the destructive extremism to which nationalist movements are so often liable, provided they are sufficiently foreign and sufficiently unfriendly to your friends. But it surely is wise not to take the claims of the self-styled Republic of Indonesia on trust.

The economic misrule of Djocjacarta is not the only reservation which the dispassionate observer will have to make. There are these further facts: 1. That the Republic was the creation of the Japanese, who schooled its bands and provided them with arms. 2. That the claim of the Republic to represent the whole of the Indonesian peoples is unwarranted.

I do not for a moment suggest that it was the Japanese who created Indonesian nationalism. But there is no reason why anyone should allow himself to be taken in by the propagandists of Djocjacarta when they identify their cause with that of Indonesian nationalism and argue as if this nationalism could only be satisfied in one way, namely by the extension of their rule over the whole of the Archipelago. The Republic has never had any actual power outside the islands of Java and Sumatra. How insecure its position was even there became apparent when the Dutch resorted to military action a year ago. Not only in Borneo, Celebes and the Moluccas, but also in (for instance) East Sumatra and West Java are the ambitions of Djocjacarta regarded with suspicion and alarm. The realisation of the Djocjacarta programme, that is the expansion of the Republic into a military State embracing all the islands, would not only be tantamount to the extension of a violent, corrupt, and incompetent regime, it would mean the subjection of the Indonesian peoples, with their widely differing civilisations, to a Javanese, or rather to an East Javanese, ascendancy.

Indonesian nationalism is not less real in these regions which are opposed to the Republic and its military ambitions. And while the Dutch, in supporting a federal solution, may be taking into consideration that only on that basis can there be a future in Indonesia for themselves, they are not therefore working against the natural development of things, which they realise as well as any outsiders must be in the direction of full national status for the whole of the Archipelago.

To describe the Indonesian Governments outside the Republic as the puppets of the Dutch betrays a complete misapprehension of the situation. There are cogent reasons to make them willing to co-operate. The striking economic recovery which is taking place wherever this co-operation obtains, compared with the ever deteriorating conditions in the Republic—this purely material contrast would not in itself be sufficient. Added to it are the fears with which the non-Republican regions regard Javanese ambitions, and the confidence they feel of their own ability to achieve the reality of independence in peaceful consultation with the Dutch.

The conferences held so far have shown clearly enough that the representatives of the non-Republican regions have their own opinions and do not simply toe the line at the behest of the Dutch Government. There even is at this moment a hitch which is causing some uneasiness in Holland, yet there is enough of consciousness of a community of interests and of mutual confidence to warrant the hope that agreement on a revised relationship will be reached.

You have mentioned Mr. Drees, the new Dutch Premier. Mr. Drees, who is the trusted leader of the Dutch Labour Party, and a man universally respected for the integrity of his character and the sober clearness of his intellect, ended his first speech in the Chamber on a note of cautious optimism. Will you not join me in hoping that he was right, or are you reserving your applause until the non-Republican Indonesian Governments join the Republic in a course of destruction, which would be even more calamitous to Indonesia than it would be to Holland?

P. Geyl

[We are glad to print Professor Geyl's version of the official Dutch case. Our disagreement is founded, not on Republican propaganda, but on the Reports of the Good Offices Commission, the proceedings in the Security Council, and information that we have received from Western observers, both in Republican and Dutch-controlled Java. We have made no special claim for Republican administrative efficiency, though a Western correspondent, with no axe to grind, writes to us that "considering the Dutch stranglehold and blockade of the past few years, the

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Republicans have done remarkably well in keeping their show going." Irregularities, such as Professor Geyl alleges, have no doubt occurred, but we are surprised that so intelligent a man as Professor Geyl should attempt to deny the fact of the Dutch blockade. Is he acquainted with the Report of the Good Offices Commission on the subject? Does he seriously argue that Republican trade (which has, we fear, often been reduced to little more than smuggling) has suffered merely from a praiseworthy effort on the part of the Dutch to prevent the import of arms and the export of Dutch equipment needed for the island's economy? The fact of the blockade is not seriously in dispute, and has been the basis of much discussion in the Security Council.

As for the puppet Governments, we have not, as Professor Geyl suggests, urged that all Indonesia should come under the Republican Government, but that the American-Australian proposals, possibly the last effort at conciliation, should have been carried out. Discussion of these neutral proposals was prevented in the Security Council because Holland's European neighbours, anxious for political reasons not to offend a Benelux country, abstained from voting and so prevented a majority being obtained for discussion. Professor Geyl is an honest man; if he was aware of what was said privately by delegates to the Security Council who had no political ties with Holland, he would not advance such arguments, nor, if he were familiar with the Good Offices Commission Report on the methods of forming the Governments of Madura and West Java, would he deny that they were puppets.

As the elections, which were urged in the American-Australian proposals, are not to be held, neither we nor Professor Geyl can judge what proportion of these peoples would wish to join the Republic. Unlike Professor Geyl, we have made no wild statements on the subject. Our own information does, however, suggest that Dutch policy is driving the more moderate Indonesians into alliance with the Communists, who have not hitherto played an important part.

Like Professor Geyl we shall indeed be glad if the cautious optimism of the Dutch Prime Minister is justified, and if the widespread fears expressed to us by Dutch, Indonesian, and neutral observers that further "police action" is contemplated in Java are falsified.—ED., *N.S. & N.*]

. . . WORTHY OF HIS HIRE

SIR,—In your issue of July 31st, a Local Education Authority advertised for a Warden, a Matron and an Assistant for a new hostel for maladjusted children.

The Warden was to "have had experience with maladjusted children" and to "be able to carry out specialised environmental psychiatric treatment." Preferably he was to hold a Social Science Diploma "or other academic qualification" (unspecified).

While the vagueness of the qualifications demanded suggests that they would count for little, it seems that some experience was expected, and presumably some special aptitudes of skill and personality. This gifted and experienced—if not highly trained—person was to be rewarded at the rate of £175 per annum for an exacting seven day-and-night a week job of considerable responsibility. If married, he could commit his wife to a similarly sweated job as Matron, when they would jointly receive £300-£350. Incidentally the Assistant was to be paid £100-£110 per annum according to experience!

Despite the addition of "residential emoluments" to all these figures it still seems a fantastically low rate of pay for such service.

Work with handicapped children is not only worthwhile, it is an essential service to the community; and if only for that reason those who take it up should be properly trained and suitably rewarded for their services. Surely to be niggardly about this business is to waste public money and to be short-sighted to the point of folly, while it is certainly not in keeping with the spirit of the Children Act. Yet apparently the attitude of this Authority is by no means exceptional where such appointments are concerned.

Perhaps it is just another indication that, in an age when State-sponsored services spring up almost overnight, it is increasingly a democratic necessity—albeit an elementary one—to insist that those responsible for their provision continually foster and maintain as high a standard as may be. J. S. HEAP

CHILDREN'S GAMES

SIR,—As a member of the younger generation, still in my teens, I read Mr. Edwards' letter with amazement. Naturally a good many of the games of yesteryear have disappeared, but I maintain that children still play an enormous variety, calling for as much organisation and skill as "Hot Rice," "Bamboozlem" and the rest of Mr. Edwards' fascinating catalogue. I have only to think haphazardly for a moment and I can recall seeing, at various seasons of the year, the pavements and roads of the village where I live covered with fantastic chalk diagrams for "Hopscotch"; seeing, too, small boys huddled earnestly over little holes playing marbles; seeing girls skipping and doing all kinds of complicated things with tennis balls on the road or against a wall; and almost every day in the summer boys cycle by to the playing field armed with cricket bats, whilst in the winter any rough patch of grass is used for a game of football. And, lest it be thought I live in some kind of rural paradise, I used to see, time and time again, when I was in London, small boys playing cricket in side streets and culs-de-sac, as well as in some of the parks. Mr. Edwards ought also to pay a visit to a public swimming bath, where he would see plenty of children enjoying themselves, probably in a more healthy and useful manner than that to which the children of his generation were accustomed.

Of course, many games of the Dick Barton type are now played, but I find it hard to believe that none of this character was played 40 years ago. I just cannot understand Mr. Edwards' implied condemnation of such make-believe games as "weddings," for surely they call for a high degree of organisation and creative imaginative thought?

I do not think, therefore, that any reliable connection can be established between the increase in juvenile delinquency and the supposed lack of initiative in the children of to-day. I state emphatically that the games children play now are no sign of their being any inferior in qualities of character to their parents at their age. The causes of juvenile delinquency surely must be sought in the wider sphere of social and domestic upheaval and disturbance; and such major factors as the war, increase of population, slums and shortage of housing accommodation must be taken into account as well. D. HAWES

SIR,—Before 1912 very few back-street children got scholarships. So those whose natural ability made them leaders in the street games remained long enough to pass on their knowledge and enthusiasm to others. After 1912 the natural leaders became the scholarship children, who quickly learned that members of the secondary school despised those who took part in street games. So the back streets lost their leaders and the street games were forgotten.

A. WEST.

NATIONAL INSURANCE COSTS

SIR,—I am certain that many of your readers are totally unaware of the fact that the amount they contribute towards National Insurance charges in respect of domestic help or gardeners can be claimed as an allowance against their income tax assessments.

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JONATHAN CAPE

BOOKS IN GENERAL

In the 19th century Rationalism was a fighting creed. It had its materialist metaphysic, its tested faith in science as the key to truth, its belief in human nature and its assurance that, through reason, society was perfectible. It had its hagiography; had not its saints from Giordano Bruno to Tom Paine been persecuted and their testimony justified? The enemy was the Church, and the devil was on the run. Superstition and priestcraft were doomed. The Kingdom of Science was at hand. Praise to Man in the Highest, For He is the Master of Things.

One may still meet elderly gentlemen at Conway Hall who have no doubts about this generous creed. They are not worried about the "principle of indeterminism" or put off by dark references to their Œdipus complexes. Some of them still find John Stuart Mill completely satisfying or worship at the shrine of Herbert Spencer. Others, finding that the political individualism which was part of 19th century Rationalism is incompatible with that Puritan conscience from which it sprang, see in Marxism a satisfying creed that is rational, rebellious and constructive. This development is to be noticed in the publications of the Rationalist Press, whose Thinker's Library has sold some three million copies. Two recent publications are Marxian, rather than Liberal. Mr. Archibald Robertson, who began as an old-fashioned Rationalist, is now a fully fledged Marxist; his *Man, His Own Master** is a hard-hitting exposition of the thesis that bishops, dons, metaphysicians, capitalists and Fascists, having a common interest in the *status quo*, are in effect in league to suppress the obvious truths of Marxism and Materialism, lest the workers of the world should understand and throw off their chains. In the same series Mr. Hector Hawton, equally sure of salvation through science, tackles in *Men Without Gods*† the problem of how men ever came to believe in a God and how, through the cultivation of the arts, they may win the imaginative satisfaction that they can no longer find in the "frozen poetry" of religion.

Mr. Robertson is not seriously worried by these problems. The myths of religion seem to him merely deceptions, perpetuated by priests to maintain the power of Kings. I really believe he thinks, like Diderot, we should all be happy when the last King is strangled with the gut of the last priest. He can provide plenty of examples from current affairs to show that in universities and schools, and even in the B.B.C., Materialists, Marxians and Rationalists are deliberately ignored or ridiculed in order that myths, which most thinking people now reject except in a poetic sense, shall be perpetuated. "The magical origin of priestcraft and kingcraft," he writes, "is abundantly established, and disposes of the idea that they serve to-day any purpose, but that of dazzling the ignorant and masking the realities of economics and politics." We know that economic determinism is the truth; we cling to religion as opium for the people. Our troubles come not from any evils within human nature but from bad government, bad conditions and class tyranny. We need, not a change of heart, as the cant phrase goes, but a change of head.

Mr. Hawton holds the same creed, but is not so easily satisfied. He accepts the extravagantly diffusionist view that the idea of God was, once and deliberately, invented to bolster up the authority of the kings of ancient Egypt, and he rejoices to trace through the ages how one department of life after another, which used to be in the hands of the Church, has been secularised and brought under rational control. He adds, however, that though God is no more than a man-made invention, perpetuated from a single act of ingenuity, there is in human nature a demand for the imaginative release once given by religion. The emotional void must be filled.

Certainly there is evidence for this view. To the student one of the most interesting aspects of Hitlerism is that, as the Nazi myth grew, the Führer increasingly took on the attributes of a Messiah, a scapegoat who himself bore, as he was fond of saying, the sins and sufferings of all Germans. Somehow it seems, the old images, common to many religions, had to be revived. Throw down the Crown of Thorns and some impostor will display it on his brow and also pocket the thirty pieces of silver while no one is looking.

Rationalists must admit that they have not yet invented an emotionally satisfactory way of celebrating those events of life that most deeply stir the sub-conscious. We are not compelled by Church or State to join in ritualistic ceremonies at times of birth, marriage or death, but experience shows that few people, in fact, like the bodies of those they loved left to dogs and carrion crows. "Without Cherry-Blossom" was a Soviet story. Mr. Hawton, in short, is right in seeing that religion is the poetry, as well as the opium, of the people. He makes the sound point that religion is what remains of the natural and popular art by which unsophisticated peasants still celebrate their harvests and births and funerals by music and dancing, by poetry and drama. He argues that if we have outlived God and the frozen poetry of the past, then we may still find living satisfaction in poetry and the arts.

As a proposition about the theoretically possible I have no quarrel with this view. After all, if a minority can live full lives without craving for God or indulging in religious exercises, then it is reasonable to imagine a society of individuals living together in peace without the aid of a mythology. Modern Scandinavia, I should say, has come nearest to realising such a rational community. Reason has played a larger part, both in its politics and its personal relations, than elsewhere. Religion still holds its own there (or so it seems to me) only because of its symbolic or ethical utility. But I know that so much attention to reason is rare in the world, and only occurs in small and homogeneous communities. In great industrialised societies, both capitalist and Communist, the trend appears to be in the opposite direction. Both aim, by methods of scientific propaganda, at controlling the lives and thoughts of masses of men. Both tend, by breaking up the old small communities, to uproot and isolate men as individuals and then reorganise them into herds. In herds, cut off from their natural environment, men become far more subject to suggestion. Removed from primary satisfactions, working without joy in work and relying mainly on substitute pleasures, with their mental furniture supplied at second or tenth-hand, gathered together in great industrial agglomerations in which instincts, evolved in small groups, serve as no sort of guide—in such societies it seems a mockery to talk of the masses finding emotional satisfaction in the creative arts.

Mr. Hawton is aware of the emotional problems involved in such a society. He mentions Dr. Needham's pre-occupation with "cosmic depression" and Jung's assertion that reason cannot rule since the driving force of life comes from an unconscious that reason cannot reach, let alone control. But he dismisses such troubles as "defeatist"—a foolish word since victory depends on facing the results of research, not on refusing to examine them. For my part I find Jung the most exciting and encouraging of living writers. I am far yet from grasping or being able to appraise his theory of the human mind. But I recommend for study his *Modern Man in Search of a Soul* and his recent *Essays on Contemporary Events* (Kegan Paul, 8*s*. 6*d*.). His clinical experience of German patients from 1915 onwards has led him to conclusions (see his essays on *Wotan* and *After the Catastrophe*) which have a moral not only for Germany.

After the first world war a few doctors like Jung and a few intuitive observers like D. H. Lawrence noticed that something very odd was happening under the façade of the Weimar Republic. Those who analysed Hitlerism in purely Marxian terms missed almost as much as the thoughtless publicists who attributed these disturbing events to the peculiar instability or wickedness of Germans. Jung insists that what he met when analysing neurotic Germans exists or may exist in the "soul" of any people. He admits, too, that the social struggle, economic collapse, the inflation and other factors on which the sociologist fastens played an important part. Indeed he finds similar tendencies at work within all industrialised societies. But as a psychologist he is primarily concerned with the analysis of the deeply irrational and violent forces which he found, in the case of Germany, went back to an era whose ideas and values were represented by the Nordic gods. He watched these berserker tendencies developing and at last finding expression in such psychopaths as Hitler.

Jung somewhere tells us that the majority of his patients have been liberals or Rationalists, that is, people who could not believe in any of the old or current mythologies and who were therefore neurotically torn by the effort to deal by reason with unconscious drives which reason cannot reach. Believing Catholics were in a minority among his patients since Catholicism has evolved, probably more successfully than any other religion, both a mythology and a technique to satisfy those who could accept them. To admit guilt, repent, and find absolution is cheaper and often more satisfying than psycho-analysis. Jung's "archetypes"—the word he gives for the images and patterns in the "collective unconscious"—are closely correlated with the principal figures in the Christian story. Nor were Jung's patients likely to be Communists. One reason for the growth of Communism is that it is evolving a mythology to rival that of Christianity. It seems also clear, however, that it can only do so at the cost of abandoning in favour of mass propaganda that critical and individual rationalism which serves it well in rebellion, but which is incompatible with stabilised Communism.

We know too little about the psychology of the Soviet Union, but it is remarkable that the effort to propagandise the Soviet peasantry into atheism was abandoned as a failure, that there has been an increasing tendency to blend the history of Russia with that of international Communism, to make a father-figure of Stalin, and to canonise, if not deify, Lenin, whose body, embalmed in the Red Square, has a clearly religious significance. It is also clear that, by a familiar mechanism, which Jung closely studies in other contexts, the organisation of masses of people is achieved partly by the projection of their inner anxieties upon an external enemy. Does it follow that if world Communism were achieved, and no imperialist or capitalist enemy could any longer be found to be combated without or purged within, an even tighter psychological control, through uniformly accepted myths, would have to be imposed? The purges of scientists and artists whose influence tends to disrupt and not to confirm the chosen myth already, at this early stage of Communist history, suggests that stability can only be achieved at the cost of excluding knowledge and imposing crippling shackles upon art. The artistic impulse that beat strongly in the days of revolutionary fervour has not been maintained in the Soviet Union. That, after all, is what we should expect, for the creative impulse is individual and indeed rebellious in its nature. The stuff of art is inner conflict, conflict between man and the society he lives in, man and his own conscience. Tragedy must be ruled out in a fully stabilised society; the novel must attempt no more than *reportage;* the painter and the musician, if introspection is bourgeois and decadent, can produce only Academy pieces or operas glorifying the heroes of the Soviet Union. As for the poet, to whom I, like Mr. Hawton, look for inspiration in the non-religious world, must he not, as Plato suggested, be altogether excluded by the guardians of the Communist State?

KINGSLEY MARTIN

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* *Man, His Own Master*. By ARCHIBALD ROBERTSON. *Watts*. 2*s*. 6*d*.

† *Men Without Gods*. By HECTOR HAWTON. *Watts*. 3*s*. 6*d*.

BOOKS ON MUSIC

The Concerto. By ABRAHAM VEINUS. *Cassell.* 16*s.*

Bizet. By WINTON DEAN. Master Musicians Series. *Dent.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

Schumann. By JOAN CHISSELL. Master Musicians Series. *Dent.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

On Music and Musicians. By ROBERT SCHUMANN. Trans. Paul Rosenfeld. *Dennis Dobson.* 15*s.*

The history of the concerto, like that of the opera, starts from the monodic revolution of the seventeenth century, in which the Renaissance cult of the individual found a characteristic, if belated, expression. At first the conflict inherent in the concerto was dramatised through the balancing, not of a single soloist against an orchestra, but of one orchestral group against another, often (though not always) of equal size. Even in Bach's day the solo clavier was not so much pitted against the string ensemble as used to provide what Mr. Veinus calls "the dominant mass of tone" throughout the work, whether in tutti or solo passages. But the advent of the composer-performer—of whom Mozart was the first great example—introduced the individual-versus-group structure which has obtained down to the present day. By the time the composer, like other artists, had settled into permanent opposition to the philistine world of the nineteenth century, the romantic concerto had established itself as a formal expression of the schizophrenia which attacks persons so situated.

Mr. Veinus, who has written an extremely lively and stimulating book, does not draw that conclusion; but perhaps an awareness of it may underlie his distaste for the productions of latter-day virtuosity—a distaste which leads to some unfairness, and on occasion to downright folly. To describe Chopin as "too much a specialist on too refined a subject to constitute an adult gospel for the complexities of modern living" is a criticism, not of Chopin, but of a modern habit of thought which involves reiterated sneers at "French salon refinement" and attempts to discount the beneficent effect of aristocratic patronage in the Vienna of Beethoven's day. Assumed in, say, 1900, such an attitude might not have seemed merely stupid; but in a world from which the sense of quality, in life and art, has virtually disappeared, this form of the democratic protest is quite out of place. Decorative urbanity, like any other form of grace, can easily be abused; but dispense with it altogether and you rob music of a rich field of expression. An atmosphere of prejudice clouds the last two of Mr. Veinus's chapters. Elsewhere we are made delightfully aware of a scholarly intelligence allied to an acute musical sensibility: the discussions of the classical and of the Beethoven concertos are admirably conducted. As the sentence I have quoted may indicate, Mr. Veinus writes in a rather clumsy style, full of ugly modernisms; but his book should be read by anyone who is interested in the subject.

Mr. Dean and Miss Chissell are more urbane than Mr. Veinus, and not less intelligent. The Master Musicians Series, which began so well but got into rather low water recently, has been tugged out of the shallows in the most expert manner. I should be surprised to learn of the existence in any language of a better book on Bizet than Mr. Dean's. Naturally he is an enthusiast for his subject, but he has managed to a remarkable extent to avoid the more maddening exaggerations of partisanship. I think he goes too far when he states that "Wagner wrote symphonic music in dramatic form, but the symphonic interest always predominates"; on the other hand, he does not follow Nietzsche and Paul Henry Lang in using Bizet as a stick to beat Wagner with. It is easy to fall into this trap, for there is a peculiar magic in Bizet's music, a sensation of sweetness and astringency which had not been communicated in quite that balance since the death of Mozart. It is this quality which makes us feel towards *L'Arlésienne* and *Carmen* as we feel towards Summer Pudding or a favourite landscape; they are all part of our lives; the question of greatness hardly arises, and seems irrelevant when raised. It is a property of all the arts to throw up a Bizet at intervals, to emphasise the precariousness of æsthetic theory and to re-ground our love of what is spontaneous in the lyrical and dramatic faculties. In his critical chapters Mr. Dean goes as far as it is possible to go in analysing the charm of Bizet's genius. His quotations are extraordinarily apt and his careful account of the composer's development is such as to make this a most useful handbook. At the same time, in tracing the course of the composer's short life, Mr. Dean has made a more intelligent use of the copious material than others who have attempted to portray the man himself. Musically speaking, it was Bizet's misfortune to grow up at a time of low tide in the history of the art form which he was designed by nature to embellish. From the human standpoint Mr. Dean shows us a highly intelligent, humorous, somewhat choleric man, in whom a tendency to divided aims was aggravated by a profound self-distrust. To deplore the amount of time Bizet wasted on unrealised projects is to be wise after the event. We should not expect an artist to achieve a settled, personal style much before the age of thirty-five—and Bizet died at thirty-seven. If Wagner had died at the same age, after completing *The Flying Dutchman*, would he now be as well known as Bizet? Or better known than Lortzing?

The divided personality appears in Schumann, as in Bizet, mainly as a destructive force. Miss Chissell makes no bones about this, and her insight into Schumann's character is judicious enough to make me wish she had pushed her investigations into his breakdown to a more conclusive point. The lapse of young genius into middle-aged talent is indeed a perplexing phenomenon. Superficially it appears as a refusal, sudden or gradual, to pursue the original creative impulse beyond a certain point—after which retrogression sets in, and quickly hardens into an obdurate conservatism. Miss Chissell likens the nature of Schumann's genius to that of Wordsworth. This is an acute perception, and the case of the poet might, I think, have warned her against over-estimating the later work of the composer. To produce their best music both Bizet and Schumann needed extra-musical stimulus—the one simple dramatic situations, the other romantic poetry. Neither (as Mr. Dean and Miss Chissell do not fail to point out) was a natural symphonist; but whereas the Frenchman, with his logical mind, turned away from "pure" music and sonata form (but only after one remarkably successful experiment), the intransigent German romantic continued to strive for formal perfection, with the result that his essentially lyrical invention spent itself in large, unwieldy constructions which his technique was unequal to ordering. The would-be symphonist all but killed the tone-poet in Schumann; he continued up to the end to turn out suites of short pieces, but the most determined advocate would find it hard to represent the *Bunte Blätter*, the *Waldscenen*, the *Albumblätter*, as worthy successors to the first twenty opus numbers.

It is a sad story and one which the anti-Liszt-Wagner faction, with its feminine atmosphere of back-biting, subsequently did its best to make ridiculous. Miss Chissell has wisely avoided that issue, as having little concern with Schumann himself, who was much too generous and disinterested to capitalise his position in the musical

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orld of the late 'forties. His criticism of other en's music is full of shrewd judgments, though is difficult to read nowadays because of the resomely joky and fanciful style (derived from ean-Paul) in which so much of it is written. Its iscernment adds to our respect for Schumann the same degree as Liszt's exertions on behalf his contemporaries add to our respect for a less ngenuous character. Neither can wholly console s for the bewildering unevenness in the work of wo men of unquestionable genius. Liszt's indif-erence to the quality of his musical ideas; Schu-ann's efforts to be grand; Bizet's acquiescence death (for it seems to have come to that): such isappointments are too bad, and we feel much nclined to lay them at the door of the century which they occurred. Mr. Dean and Miss hissell steer us away from any such hasty judg-ent. Their monographs keep all the relevant actors in constant focus. I can imagine no igher recommendation.

EDWARD SACKVILLE WEST

THE PERFECT CRIME

he Hunting Wasp. By JOHN CROMPTON. *Collins.* 10s. *6d.*

The murderess had paralysed her victim by epeated injections of poison into his principal erve ganglia. The poison used could not be nalysed or identified. Stunned but breathing, he victim was transported by air to a carefully oncealed hide-out. Still living and partly onscious though unable to move his limbs, he as gradually devoured by the innocent children f the criminal. The criminal, as you might uess, is a wasp, the victim a cricket, a grass-opper, or a spider.

The motive of the wasp is a simple and even udable one: to provide food for its grub. But ince the food is, in most cases, collected before he egg from which the grub is to emerge has ven been laid, it is essential that the food should e kept fresh. A putrefying, or even tainted, ricket would be fatal to the health of the wasp-rub. Entomologists for a long time supposed hat the wasp, after killing its prey, injected a reserving fluid. It was Fabre who first dis-overed that the prey is not in fact killed, but aralysed in the way I have described. The skill f the wasp is extraordinary. Merely to find the recise spot where the ganglia are situated, in a rithing or fighting insect, is a neat job. To give he correct injection is a further refinement. abre, who tried to paralyse crickets by injecting ammonia with a fine nib, always managed to give them either an overdose, which killed them, or an insufficient dose, which left them still kicking and capable of killing a helpless grub.

So the wasp is a scientific murderess. Her plans don't always quite come off. Unexpected situations arise through interfering experimenters. Mr. Crompton recounts the wasp's improvisations of behaviour, as observed in his own experiments or in those described by Fabre and other naturalists, and compares her actions with those which a human being would choose in comparable circumstances. He argues against Fabre's conception that the wasp is ruled entirely by instinct, and shows convincingly that her actions, in circumstances where instinct can be of no help, are motivated by a kind of intelligence, although he concedes instinct the major share in directing her routine actions.

The hunting wasps, it seems, haven't much in common with *Vespa Vulgaris*, known to you and me as the jam wasp. The latter is a social wasp, living in a hive, while the hunters are solitary wasps, with nests of their own. After thoroughly examining the different kinds of hunting wasps, which he classifies sensibly according to their prey, Mr. Crompton goes on to describe the life of a hive of social wasps, a life cycle which has a kind of Gibbonian decline and fall. The relations between the sexes in the wasp world are an intriguing study in themselves, but here the human comparison becomes a little invidious.

Mr. Crompton's book is popularisation at its best; he writes all the time, not only for the layman, but as a layman, modestly concealing his own attainments as a naturalist. As with all the good popularisers, one learns without knowing it while reading an exciting story. And, as with most popularisers, one is left with an uneasy feeling that the scientific merit of the book is in doubt. Mr. Crompton runs head on against the theories of Fabre and other accepted authorities. His style is so persuasive, and his brand of common sense so engaging, that the uninstructed reader cannot help being persuaded that he is right and Fabre wrong. I recommend him as an obviously keen, honest and intelligent observer, while keeping my fingers crossed as to the value of his conclusions.

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MEN AND WOMEN

In the Tower's Shadow. By N. K. CRUICKSHANK. *Oxford University Press.* 6s.
Collected Poems. By LILIAN BOWES LYON. *Cape.* 8s. *6d.*
Under the Sun. By CHRISTOPHER LEE. *The Bodley Head.* 6s.
The Collected Poems of Richard Church. *Dent.* 15s.
The Wounded Prince and Other Poems. By DOUGLAS LE PAN. *Chatto and Windus.* 6s.

Who first taught English poetry to serve up lukewarm platitudes which recall the flavour of Brown Windsor soup? I suppose it was Wordsworth; the "impulse from a vernal wood" may not have taught us more than "all the sages can," but has made us dread the practice of elementary moralising in poetry. To-day the temptation seems to have become more serious; all sorts of poets feel obliged to sentimentalise vetches, to discover a daffodil blooming in a slag-heap. The expert countryside poets—a Clare, an Edward Thomas—never sentimentalised their vetches, only described them; it is the inexpert who offer us the didactic, lesson-pointing vetch. Such thin herbal stews have become rather common; served in a sauce of that emasculate English respectability, as prevalent as black gravy in provincial hotels.

The women are worse than the men. After reading these five books, two of them by women, I am a temporary poetical anti-feminist. Miss Cruickshank allows fitful glimpses of a masculine intellect to be eclipsed by what one can only call female modesty and a girlish gush; this alternation produces a most uncomfortable displaced effect, like one of Steig's cartoons.

What have I done,
Or what have my fathers done,
That the large, red hare,
Sitting up in the wheat,
Should watch me with this stare—
Me, who have no gun?

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HEINEMANN

Miss Cruickshank does better than this, but she also does as bad and worse. Reading her better poems—"The Great Frost," "Snowy Morning, 1940," "The Poor at War"—noting here a line with power in it—"Stayed on the fells far off as dusk was falling"—there a managed and acceptable emotion, I felt that, if she could only forget altogether about "flower hues and the milk of stars," she might emerge into a fair poet of limited range. But then I came to her poem, "Ex-Aircraftsman Shaw":

> The bicycle stands ready. Now to flit
> Through the great staring landscape, large as life,
> Back to the shelf where Blake and Hopkins sit
> And Homer waits like a reproachful wife.

If you like that kind of verse, you will admire Miss Cruickshank. If you feel that the passions of a T. E. Lawrence are not to be measured thus, then you will wish her a period of happy self-criticism—far from birdsmeat, berries, or bicycle.

A like canker of respectability has eaten into the poetry of Miss Lilian Bowes Lyon. But whereas Miss Cruickshank comes out with alarming rushes from behind her Kensingtonian fronds, so that one never quite knows what next to expect from her, Miss Bowes Lyon is far more circumspect; never once are we allowed to peep round the wan mask, in which she keeps herself shrouded. Her poetry is self-effacing, negative, and bloodless, a Victorian picture-child in white nightgown and long tresses. The blanched uniformity of it does impose a certain expectancy on the reader, who feels that he is perhaps in the anteroom of greatness, awaiting an audience by candlelight, and wrong to speak above a whisper. But he waits and waits, the candles gutter, and at last the utter lack of rough contact, the surface of far too smooth alabaster, can only leave him wan and depressed.

> O weaving wildwood! Slanting, silvering sun!
> Along the by-pass road, to prove me mad,
> Sleek coach and opulent saloon-car come and go
> To and from town like shuttles,
> And yet nothing's spun;
> The Age grinds on, new. Juggernaut, surfeit-sad.
> Dry in a dusty hedge, dog-roses blow.

It is the vetch, blooming however loftily.

To turn to the men is a relief: no longer the ineffable, wildly waving and escaping like untidy hair, but something definite about something, a handshake instead of a vanishing smirk; a sense of humour.

> After the level curve, the cobbled quays,
> intimate square, close alley-ways
> sun on the hot white streak
> of mountain track
> shone blind like flint.
> Steeply up towards the crest, cleft and vast,
> so distant yet, the path crept:
> past brilliant-shuttered villa,
> rose-garden, vineyard
> splendid in tended quiet

Mr. Christopher Lee writes in a sequence "The Mediterranean Coast," in which he shows power to annotate light and shade, heat, silence, and colour; a power with echoes of D. H. Lawrence, and not always the worse for being less luxuriant. He works carefully with thin brush-strokes, and perhaps his poems have a certain thinness of humanity, like a cricket's chirp. When he brings people in—"these are not tripper's pleasures"—"work far beyond scope of journalist's paragraph"—one feels the intrusion of a slightly callow snootiness.

Mr. Church, it is certain, would despise neither the tripper's pleasure nor the journalist's paragraph. He is an older man using an older idiom; the 280 pages of his *Collected Poems,* representing an output of 37 years, leave an impression of integrity and single-mindedness. In many of the earlier poems, he makes, on slight pretexts, statements too tremendous for modern nerves; too readily he "touched the deeps," "walked up some Calvary near by," or encountered "old comrade, Sorrow"; and he was best then in shorter poems, "Earphones," for example:

> No latch clicked,
> Nor door rattled,
> Nor ivy at window tapped,
> For I was far away,
> Listening to the great orchestra
> Bowing and drumming
> In Germany

where this lush streak is controlled. The fault purges itself later in the fires of more ominous events, and there is something attractive, modest, and courageous about the way in which, towards the time of the Spanish War, Mr. Church "breaks his staff," rounds on himself as out of date, and puts his talent squarely at the new fences. He is one who cares about human fate; and if these are not the most outstanding poems of recent years, they have in them, nevertheless, a sympathy and humanity which some greater poetry lacks; the later Yeats, for example.

The first published poems of Mr. Douglas Le Pan, a young Canadian poet, show strength, a widely ranging spirit, and occasional power of phrase; a tendency to prosiness arises perhaps from the immensity of Canadian lakes and forests, whose imagery these poems traverse—and will be cured only by increased contact with Europe, *aux anciens parapets.*

GILES ROMILLY

THE FORMATION OF KINGS

The Education of the Enlightened Despots. By H.R.H. PRINCE CHULA CHAKRABONGSE OF SIAM. *Eyre & Spottiswoode.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Had a book with such a title page appeared 200 years ago, we should have known what to expect. Some clever Frenchman—almost certainly Voltaire—would be found poking exquisite fun at the domestic habits of a European royalty, with all the wit and irony such a subject would naturally evoke in a *philosophe. Nous avons changé tout cela. Hélas!* A Prince of Siam who discusses the education of 18th century monarchs nowadays is a genuine Oriental gentleman, more interested in obtaining a College Fellowship than in reforming the horrid habits of mankind, and, needless to say, without a vestige of wit or irony in his composition.

Prince Chula Chakrabongse approaches his subject with heavy, pedantic tread. The education of his chosen despots—Louis XV, Frederick the Great, Joseph II and Catherine the Great—is tabulated like a laundry list, with sub-headings such as :—Relatives, Governors, Tutors, Nurses, Statecraft, Health and Sport. Moreover the style never swerves from the banality of a guide-book. "With all his faults few will deny that Louis XIV was every inch a grand seigneur" is the kind of sentence that the reader has to surmount. Yet the historical facts, patiently collected by the author and presented in this unpromising fashion, deserve more attention than they are likely to receive. For the original scientific idea that prompted Prince Chula to write the book would have delighted Voltaire : to throw light on that most problematic question—how human beings develop their personality—by studying the childhood of kings. (Kings lend themselves admirably to the purpose : their heredity and environment as children, as well as their subsequent careers, are exceedingly well documented). To our astonishment Prince Chula, out of diffidence or for some other Siamese reason, after providing all the available information, at the end of his labours draws no conclusion whatsoever.

A reviewer must always hazard his own opinion; and this duty is particularly incumbent on him when an author defaults. So I will venture to draw my own moral from Prince Chula's research. A child from birth has two possible responses to the stimuli of the outside world: it can accept or oppose its environment. And the nature of its response will determine its personality.

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Louis XV, who became King of France at the age of five, found his environment trying to adapt itself to him and naturally never troubled to oppose it. He developed into a vain, self-indulgent man, too lazy to take a strong line about anything but his own pleasure. Joseph II of Austria was another accommodating child. His dominating mother, the Empress Maria Theresa, believed in inculcating book-knowledge and religion; and the boy swallowed both without resistance. He grew up a pious, impractical theorist; who, when disasters came upon him, allowed himself to be brow-beaten by events, as he had previously let himself be imposed on by his mother and her priests.

In Catherine of Russia we find a rebel. Her mother was strict and her governess a bully. "I never did what I was told unless it was said at least three times and in a very loud voice" she recorded in later life. She got the governess dismissed; and at the age of 14 insisted on being taken to St. Petersburg by her mother as a candidate for marriage to the Czarevitch. Her ambition was only fulfilled when, as Empress, she was in a position to mould her environment to her liking. Frederick the Great's childhood was spent at the mercy of a fiendish father; but he refused to be daunted. Out of early adversity he developed the patience, the self-confidence and the cunning that were too much for his later enemies.

From these four examples it would be simple to deduce that a child who resists adult influence is more fitted to face the difficulties of later life than a docile child who submits to it. But what starts the resistance movement in the child is more than I or Prince Chula Chakrabongse are ever likely to know.

RALPH PARTRIDGE

SELF-HELP

Ego 9. By JAMES AGATE. *Harrap* 18s.

Between the wars James Agate became one of our most prolific public performers. As a dramatic critic he was zestful, opinionated, downright: his knowledge of actors and acting covered an extremely wide range: his comments and comparisons were specialised and fascinating. But he wasn't content with the business he did so well; he wanted also to become a public figure, and he wanted to be remembered. He began to keep a series of diaries, strictly for publication; he took on a film column in which he began to exploit himself and his foibles, and a book column in which he outdid Arnold Bennett in vulgarity. Thus in the last fifteen or twenty years of his life he was providing three times weekly a complete change of bill. He wrote his scripts himself, or at any rate quite a lot of them; and, after all, the quotations with which he was accused of padding his articles had to be ferreted out and selected, and they contributed considerably to the sum of intelligent discussion. But his act, in the last analysis, consisted in "putting himself over" as a music-hall artist has to put himself over. One might say that he started his career by selling a genuine enthusiasm for the theatre and that he ended it by selling his personality. In this he was only falling in with the requirements of the journalism of his day and at least his was a personality that crackled and blazed and retained to the end an enlivening if indiscriminate impatience.

The *Ego* volumes, of which the last, *Ego 9*, is published posthumously, were an important addition to his campaign. By means of them he succeeded in creating a legend of himself and in imposing this legend on a wide public. This alone was something of an achievement in view of the kind of legend he was trying to impose. The English are not noticeably partial to exhibitionists; the café wit, as Mr. Beverley Baxter justly calls him, is not a type we particularly admire; while our nonconformist streak grows prickly at the sight of an unabashed pursuit of the pleasures of the senses. But he had two strong cards. We are always ready to take to "a character," or at least to accept one, when it has successfully established itself. (Unfortunately, he became also an institution and the quality of his work declined; for to become an institution in England, as the career of many musical comedy favourites demonstrates, is to be applauded whatever we do.) His second strong card was that he was a Philistine—the kind which calls its Philistinism plain common-sense.

It was not only on the contemporary public that Agate wished to impose himself. The *Ego* volumes were his self-conscious bid for immortality. The attraction of them is that they are such a wonderfully wholesale hodge-podge: encounters, retorts, letters to and from the writer, recollections, prejudice, allusion, all flung together and giving, as much by their sheer number as by their quality, the impression of gusto and love of life, of high pressure and intense enjoyment of the bright surface of his busy days. These extracts from a trip to Paris show him at his best:

> Perfect weather, with land and seascape decked out in primary colours as in a travel poster. Am the only person on board with a bowler, which is perhaps the reason the captain invites us on to the bridge . . . The only passenger I recognise is the French boxer that Bruce Woodcock gave a drubbing to the other day. And now nostalgia has me in its grip. Meaning gulps at all the well-remembered things . . . What struck me most to-day was . . . the Calais porter who took our luggage, six foot seven, and the strappingest, most Michael Angelesque ruffian I have ever set eyes on. A fist to fell beeves and span the better part of three octaves. Can't understand why some French Lady Wishfort hasn't snapped him up. Balzac's Dian de Maufrigneuse would have hung him at her girdle as a prelude to a ten page lecture to Nathan on the maternal instinct.

Posterity is, by any contemporary standards, an extraordinarily wayward judge; so it is rash to prophesy. But presumably if his diaries survived it would be as footnotes to the social history of the period rather than on their own merits as writing. For they are largely made up of the higher gossip about "public personalities," not many of whom may be of any interest in twenty, much less in a hundred, years. As gossip the level may be high, but not quite high enough. The writing is often slack; the wit is almost entirely verbal play—the lowliest form of wit; of general ideas he has none; his views and comments on contemporary life are jejune; they don't rise anywhere above the level of:

> There is a new spirit abroad. I was brought up to believe that the main thing in life was work, and that all pleasure was in the nature of a treat. This spirit is not in the world of to-day; the only connection the modern nose has with the grindstone is to snub it. Modern youth regards life as one unending round of football-matches, dog races, crooning, and the pictures, to the last of which it must go four times a week or die.

Which is the kind of thing one might not have been surprised to hear from a suffragan bishop on a prize day twenty-five years ago. Success and the material rewards of success were essential for the kind of life he liked. This kind of achievement exacts its own price. In pursuing it he seems to have dwindled down his sensitiveness until it covered only the small area of his one main interest, while extending his Philistinism over the rest of his life instead of curbing it. He had, in fact, too large a share of that sort of English common-sense which, because it has found that two and two can make four, thinks it need go no further in the search for truth. Like Dr. Johnson kicking the stone, or a rationalist blundering into poetry armed with a blunt stick of logic, he plumps down his plain man's judg-

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READY THIS MONTH

W.H. ALLEN

ments as if he really thought that they settled everything. Then he sits down and waits for the applause. Of course it comes. Sir Alfred Munnings writes congratulating him on his understanding of painting and an old lady of ninety sends a letter from "Jasmine Cottage" praising him for his taste in poetry. And James Agate copies into *Ego 9* both their letters impartially.

This Philistinism of his invalidated his critical judgment, particularly when it came to plays; he is less than good on Mr. Shaw and asinine about Mr. T. S. Eliot. His critical attitude is revealed extraordinarily clearly in the following unconscious give-away in this volume:—

> Henry Wood once said that he never conducted any piece, however familiar, without running through the score an hour or two before the performance. I should not dream of going to see an Ibsen play without having a look at—

—and one would naturally expect that he would continue "without having a look at the text." But he actually goes on—"without looking at what Shaw and Archer had had to say. In the case of the big Shakespeares I do the same thing." His interest, in fact, was in actors and acting and in dramatic criticism as such (he himself admits it): there his knowledge was wide and his feeling for it deep. Whenever he is writing on these subjects the sap really flows.

To judge from internal evidence many people buy the latest *Ego* volume "to see if they have got into it." A word then to those who have studied the index in a bookshop and failed to find themselves: they needn't give up hope. That accuracy for which Agate had a passion has not been extended to the indexing of this volume.

T. C. Worsley

NEW NOVELS

The Ides of March. By Thorton Wilder. *Longman.* 9s. 6d.

Catalina. By W. Somerset Maugham. *Heinemann.* 10s. 6d.

The Fall of Valour. By Charles Jackson. *Robert Hale.* 10s. 6d.

They Fly South. By Chan-Chun Yeh. *Sylvan Press.* 9s. 6d.

Here are four mirrors. Convex in varying degrees, they reflect the marvellous, the miraculous, the "abnormal" and the larger than life. It is Mr. Thornton Wilder, the enlarging mirror, who also throws us the most dazzling image. To it we bow first. Mr. Wilder, despite one thumping success, is hardly a writer for the multitude. His demeanour is highly capricious, his wit demands of his readers a respectable familiarity with the Humanities. Take, for instance, the first page of *The Ides of March.* Here is one of the reports with which the College of Augurs bombard a harassed Caesar in his quality of Supreme Pontiff. A goose sacrificed at noon showed "maculations of the heart and liver." "A pigeon. Ominous condition, kidney displaced, liver enlarged and yellow in colour. Pink quartz in crop. Further detailed study has been ordered." Excellent fun, which projects us delighted into the Rome of 45 B.C. But to extract the full savour from the joke, you must know the practice, inherited from the Etruscans, of divining the future by the entrails and the flight of birds. How wide is that knowledge in, for instance, the "hick-belt"?

No. Mr. Wilder is unashamedly a writer for a crumbling cultural stratum. In another half century few will know what he means. Yet after a torrent of novels written by and for the Common Man, with what pleasure one turns to these aloof, sparkling and magnanimous pages.

The scene is the world of the ruling clique in Rome between the late summer of 45 B.C. and Caesar's assassination the following March; the form is the epistolary, so dear to the eighteenth century. Mr. Wilder particularly disclaims any pretentions to historical exactitude. Catullus, for instance, looms large through the correspondence. Yet he is supposed to have died nine years before. Mark Antony is made to begin his affair with Cleopatra in Rome that autumn, though he probably never noticed her till two years later, in Cilicia. Events, in short, are elided or elongated to suit the author's purpose; and while some classical historians may take umbrage, for my part I found these liberties fully justified. For here is no Alma Tadema or Bulwer Lytton reconstruction; it is an arbitrary, prejudiced, highly spirited evocation that may or may not be exact, yet is infinitely satisfying.

Anti-dictatorial witch-hunters may suspect Mr. Wilder's conscious infatuation with his image of Caesar. But are we not in the pitiable condition of Cicero? Are we not so fearful for our doomed liberties that we distrust all greatness, go even so far as to doubt its existence? Yet if Caesar weren't great, what a ninny Cicero was! If Hitler were nothing but a shrieking little fraud, we didn't even deserve our Pyrrhic victory.

One of the most stimulating side shows in *The Ides of March* is the portrait of Catullus, not as one has been brought up to consider him, the Abraham Cowley of his age beside the Donne-like virtues of Lucretius: but as an Alpine, Rousseauesque figure, almost the first genius in the world apart from Sappho to bare his heart and draw beauty from its wounds. Certainly Mr. Wilder makes one read with a new sensibility:

Miser Catulle, desinas ineptire
Et quod vides perisse perditum ducas . . .

A distinguished mind playing with the past, clothing it in its own conceits is one thing. A distinguished craftsman putting on fancy dress is quite another. There has lately been discernible in Mr. Maugham a yearning for Wardour Street finery. First he tries the Bramantesque in *Then and Now.* Next it is Spanish Plateresque in *Catalina.* Yet Mr. Maugham is fundamentally a survival of early Edwardian de-bunking, a functionalist among writers, sworn enemy of just such incrustations as overlay the faltering design of *Catalina.* I have likened this "romance" of late sixteenth-century Spain to a mirror reflecting the miraculous. It does so with a vengeance. Eight times, whenever indeed the story seems about to be resolved, there comes an intervention of the Virgin: not the logical magic of a good fairy-tale, so much as the device of the tired script-writer. Indeed, every one of the lay-figures in *Catalina* might have been borrowed from the prop-department of M.G.M. or Universal. No doubt we shall see them back there again one day.

There is something infinitely saddening in the spectacle of Mr. Maugham who once could give us such lively pleasure, now churning out this mixture of Charles Kingsley and bad Norman Douglas; one rises with a pang from the flat, cliché-ridden pages—the talk of "grim old palaces" and banners that "flapped lazily." The time has come to read *The Moon and Sixpence* again.

In *The Fall of Valour* Mr. Jackson turns from dipsomania to homosexuality. A New York College professor, publicly successful, but unhappy in his marriage, joins his wife on Nantucket Island for a holiday that is supposed to breed a reconciliation. The period is the summer of 1943, the air is charged with that peculiarly American manifestation of militarism, that adulation of the "boys," which makes a prima donna of every G.I. The professor is haunted by visions of uniforms, by photographs in the magazines of Marines dead upon Pacific beaches.

Through ill chance, he and his wife pick up a Marine Captain, Cliff, and his Grable-ish bride, Billie. The couples become inseparable. To his

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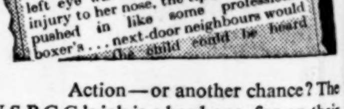
[illegible] a doctor and [illegible] On November 3 he returned [illegible] found the child very frightened. Her left eye was black and there was an injury to her nose, the tip of which was pushed in like some professional boxer's . . . next-door neighbours would [illegible] child could be heard

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orror the professor, hitherto unsuspectingly heterosexual, finds himself violently attracted to the bulky person of Cliff—not to the brain nor the personality: these, of course, are virtually non-existent. Though his wife leaves him, he persists in his passion, till the prudish Cliff half-kills him with a pair of fire-tongs. Before he won fame with *The Lost Week-end*, Mr. Jackson was, I believe, a writer of "soap-opera," those sponsored radio serials generally dealing with the vicissitudes of married life among "nice, ordinary folk" that can run for two years. There is a strange reminiscence of "soap-opera" in the slow methodical development of this tragedy. Every third page one seems to hear the voice of the commentator: "Can the Grandins' marriage be saved? Will Ethel succeed in weaning John from the attractions of that typical clean young American hero, Cliff? Listen in next Thursday at six-fifty on N.B.C."

Nevertheless, *The Fall of Valour* in its way is a work of great competence. It is also, like the film *The Best Years of Our Lives*, a useful reminder of how profoundly "foreign" is American civilisation. Though Mr. Jackson may occasionally see him for the moronic barbarian he is, Cliff is essentially the embodiment of an American ideal, the ideal of the all-American half-back. The blindness and the inevitability of the professor's passion alike would be impossible here. The peculiar heartlessness of European "*moeurs spéciaux*," that salutary heartlessness which drove Joseph the concierge to accuse the Baron de Charlus of possessing "*un coeur d'artichaut*" is totally absent from this intense book. It is a schoolgirl "pash," bred in the shower-bath and feeding on uniforms. However phonily, it springs from the American Way of Life.

They Fly South is concerned with the Moi, that aboriginal tribe which once disputed the central plains of China with the sons of Han. It bears to the novel such a relation as some painted Chinese toy does to the frescoes in the Caves of Ten Thousand Buddhas. It is indeed a fairy-tale. But its charming atmosphere of furry magic qualifies it by strangeness for inclusion in this review.

SIMON HARCOURT-SMITH

YOUNG LADIES

The Education of Girls. By JOHN NEWSOM. *Faber*. 8*s*. 6*d*.

"The overthrow of mother-right was the world historical defeat of the female sex." *Engels*. From this moment, legendary but symbolic of truth, ours became a male world in which masculine values have ruled unchallenged. Earthy woman, practical and intuitive, who had invented most of the basic crafts and even agriculture itself, went under to the lunatic male with his inspired myth-making, his passion for parade, rivalry and warfare. The old goddess, whose image had first been carved in palæolithic times, submitted to Zeus or others of his kidney.

The victory was so complete that even the Director of Education for Hertfordshire assumes the male world a priori. No one who has ever had to drink Cidrax while listening to the after-dinner speeches in a women's college would deny that women are foolish to ape men. Or, looking more closely round the table, could doubt that a good second in English Literature does not produce the lineaments of satisfied desire. Mr. Newsom can assume that this battle is already won. But is it not conceivable that one day the turning wheel will bring back a feminine world in which the women are again the managers, and award honours on the Queen's birthday? If this day comes, the men may be assured that among the many awards for more solid contributions to the welfare of the community, a few will be set aside in recognition of their wayward genius.

It will not come if Mr. Newsom has his way with the education of girls. What he proposes is in effect the maintenance of a society in which masculine values are absolute; boys are educated to achieve them and the girls to serve them. It is true that he begins by saying that, in advocating vocational teaching for the girls who are to be the nation's wives and mothers, he is not concerned with the tiny minority of women who have "managed to surmount the obstacles erected in the way of getting to a university." But it is impossible to isolate an élite in this way. If from the age of eleven all those girls who have not shown brilliance are denied further training in the more intellectual subjects, the number of good recruits for the universities will obviously be reduced.

So far, then, as his theoretical doctrine is concerned Mr. Newsom forces us into opposition, to rally behind the banners of Miss Beale and Miss Buss and the other great, if sometimes misguided, champions of the sex. His practical *Suggestions for a New Approach* are less difficult to stomach. I do not rate civics very high as an educational subject, nor biological hygiene—I should not be shocked, as Mr. Newsom was, to find that girls studying King Lear were ignorant of the positions of certain of their vital organs.

But the need for the main reform advocated here, some adjustment in the balance that has given so much more weight to cognition than to intuition, to training the mind than to developing the senses, has long been recognised. The only possible objection is that anyone should think for a moment of limiting it to girls.

I hope that it will come, and that a thousand years hence it will be seen as a stage in the return to a comfortable matriarchy. Meanwhile I should like to congratulate Mr. Newsom on the cheerful good spirits with which in one small book he has attacked two such baffling subjects as girls and education.

JACQUETTA HAWKES

Week-end Competitions

No. 969

Set by David Stanley

Six guineas are offered for an anecdote, in the Beachcomber manner, introducing a new Beachcomber character, to put alongside Captain Foulenough, Dr. Smart-Allick, Lady Cabstanleigh, and the others. Competitors are limited to 150 words, and entries must be received by September 21st.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 966

Set by Dennis O'Neill.

"With each new Government crisis the *peau de chagrin* of Parliament prestige shrinks further" (*Times*, July 23, 1948, on France). The practice of literary allusion in leading articles has declined, is declining, and ought to be encouraged, and the usual prizes are offered for an extract not exceeding 200 words from an imaginary article in one of the national newspapers in which not less than six such allusions are appropriately inserted.

Report by Dennis O'Neill.

The quality of the entries made this an extraordinarily difficult competition to judge. A few competitors missed the bus through failing to realise that by literary allusion is meant more than merely a word or phrase from a foreign language. "Détente," "Sens Unique," and "Ultra Vires" are examples.

With such an array of learning from which to select the prizewinners (including an entry in German from the British Zone), the only test I could apply was that the literary allusions should fit snugly into position and that the whole should be a connected and relatively coherent piece of prose. The residuum was still

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substantial, and it was a close finish. Six entries come to the top after many re-readings and anguished comparisons.

I finally recommend that a first prize of 4 guineas be divided among R. J. P. Hewison for a perfect imitation of the *Times* style, Fergie for the entry that made me laugh the most, and R. S. Jaffray for a magnificent ending to a good piece. A second prize of 2 guineas should be split among Allan Laing, Guy Innes and J. R. Till. Honourable mention to J. R. Majer, Mary Drewery, D. R. Barclay, N. P. Meadway, J. Meek, H. A. C. Evans, P. G., Yorick and Pontifex.

Wisely, if belatedly, Neutralia has replaced the now worthless *pong* by the gold-backed (*sic*) *ping*. Her inflation had not achieved such astronomical proportions as afflicted Germany, and Germany's creditors, in the 1920s. In the matter of thousands and ten thousands—or of millions and billions—David preceded Saul. Yet the frog burst long before attaining the stature of the ox.

Not that the conversion will directly ease the Government's own embarrassments. It was indeed their ruthless pursuit of the old way to pay old debts which produced the situation in which they could not persuade their own printers to accept payment in their own paper. Indeed, according to one of those discreetly malicious stories which circulate in totalitarian capitals, their main motive was to reduce the demand for wheelbarrows, become indispensable for conveying small change.

However that may be, the *ping* will be generally welcomed, if with that reserve due to Neutralian promises no less than to Grecian gifts. Only too probably Nature, expelled with a Mrs. Partington's mop, will return to fill the vacuum created by unscrupulous finances and insufficient production of true wealth.

R. J. P. Hewison.

People who have lived long under tyranny acquire a taste for submission. The ladies of Ismail, when the Russians arrived, ran hither and thither asking wherefore the ravishing did not begin. Russia's eastward progress has often since given us reason to recall the occasion. Il yla toujours deux qui baisent : l'un qui baise, et l'autre qui se laisse baiser.

Now German democracy comes under the rolling eye of the moujik ; a somewhat dubious vestal, not very firmly throned not quite far enough to the West. The arts of Casanova, however, have given place to the rage of Tarquin, largely because this Collatinus keeps hanging about, says he is her uncle, and proposes a gentleman's agreement.

Quousque tandem ? For the moment we must leave the gentlemen in conference ; dareful, beard to beard ; each no doubt saying to the other, in the words of the wisest of the Marxes, don't point that beard at me, it might go off.

Fergie.

Now that to be ill at all involves submission to the Procrustean bed of state authority, the patient is denied any say in the matter of what ails him, and what sympathy he gets, if any, is administered by such devotees of Borrioboola-Gha as, avoiding real fields of merciful activity, are at liberty to make of him a Roman holiday by inflicting their objectionable attentions : a Trojan Horse in respect of which he may well fear even the gifts they bring. The old constructive idea of being in hospital for the definite purpose of recovery and rehabilitation is drowned in a Penelope's web of continuous disability which the vast army of State-paid attendants are prone to maintain in order to keep their jobs. If the invalid dare express an opinion as to his condition he is treated as a Balaam's ass and ignored. The system tends to produce an increasing number of state dependants, gradually losing responsibility and self-respect, suspended like Mahomet's coffin between the earth of self-destruction and the heaven of dolce far niente. Patients, in fact, on a monument of bureaucracy.

R. S. Jaffray.

" It is a truth universally acknowledged," wrote Jane Austen, " that a single man in possession of a good fortune must be in want of a wife." Alas ! if we are to believe the Registrar General, Jane's Bingleys and our Bertie Woosters do not see eye to eye on this matter. Our young men, who neither marry nor expect to burn, tacitly agree, in spite of Malthus, that populations should grow, but they seem as uninterested as Topsy in the reproductive process. Possibly they go further than Pudd'nhead Wilson and believe that although doing good is noble, allowing others to do good is nobler and no trouble. Or is it, perhaps, not lack of will but fortune ? The Shavian dictum may still hold : that he who can does, and he who cannot teaches. Yet we must confess that our Benedicks seem as shy of the matchmaking activities of an Emma Woodhouse as of the admirable Barkis attitude. . . . . It becomes obvious that our recalcitrant Bertie Woosters are not to be lured to what Mr. Polly called " a bit of a nuptial " by anti-Malthusian excesses. . . . We ourselves have no remedy and can, with Michael Finsbury, do " nothing but sympathize " with the nation in its dilemma. . . .

Allan M. Laing.

No less diligent than Shakespeare's singing masons building roofs of gold, the engineers are worthy of the higher wages they seek. They are the Sons of Martha. Such men as these have conquered the giant of the Western Star, and their skill has conferred better fortune than that of Icarus on those who cross above the clouds, " the dragon-green, the luminous, the dark, the serpent-haunted sea." Let not theirs be the disappointment of little Rosamond, whose mother so cruelly betrayed her rainbow hopes. The Sage of Chelsea championed them, and the Good Grey Poet might well have extolled their cause.

Note :

" Singing masons "—bees.

Sons of Martha—Kipling's poem.

Giant of the Western Star—The Andes (Pope).

Icarus—various classical writers.

Rosamond—the little girl whose mother robbed a gift of carboys from the chemist's shop of their coloured liquid before she presented it. Kipling quotes her from an earlier fabulist.

Sage of Chelsea—Carlyle.

Good Grey Poet—Whittier.

Guy Innes

When a Cabinet Minister curtails his holiday in order to review the cigarette situation, he can hardly be accused of Bunburying. His action is to be commended, for, rightly or wrongly, smoking is now a national concern. Is not the tax-payer's wife, no less than the tax-payer himself, entitled to her occasional Innisfree ? In a world deprived of so much sweetness, only a bigot would grudge her a little light.

It is as useless to blame the tobacconist for his Everlasting No as to curse the wicked grocer for his lack of foodstuffs. The remedy lies largely in the resourcefulness of the British people, more and more of whom are growing their own tobacco. Favourable reports from a Kentish greenhouse suggest that here is no Laputian project for extracting sunbeams out of cucumbers, but a practical approach to a practical problem. It is to be hoped that the tobacco will burn with a hard gemlike flame, for it is quality that counts, a quality that should enrich the mind as well as the palate. A man cannot fully appreciate even a chorus ending from Euripides when his pipe is clogged with leaves of grass.

J. R. Till.

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LOOE, Cornwall. Bodrigan Hotel. For warmth during Winter residence and quiet loveliness for honeymoons. Stay at an hotel of distinctive charm, with enchanting view of river and sea. Good cooking. Fully lic. From 5 *gns.* extended visits. Tel.: 265.

Where to Stay and Restaurants—continued

LONDON, 124 Sutherland Ave. Maida Vale. Bed, breakfast, dinner (12*s.* 6*d.* daily incl.), h. & c., gas fires, all rms. Tennis. Garden.

FED up with English cooking, come to The Ox on the Roof, 353 Kings Rd. Chelsea, where you will find a dish specially prepared to your taste. Chicken on spit, garlic dishes, gâteaux and coffee with cream.

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AUTHORS and freelances MSS. edited or rewritten for publication. English, foreign technical MSS, perfectly typed. Secretarial Service, 7 Barton Cres., Dawlish, Devon.

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EXPERT Typing, MSS., etc., mod. terms. Franks, 143 Amhurst Rd. E.8 CLIS. 6030.

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HANOVER Secretarial Services, 8, Princes St. Hanover Sq. W.1. Telephone Mayfair 4216. Duplicating, Typewriting, etc. Temporary office staff supplied.

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FIRST-Class duplicating of all kinds. Reports, memoranda, bulletins, magazines, etc. Mabel Eyles, 2 Aberdeen Park, Highbury Grove, N.5. Tel.: Canonbury 3862.

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THESES, Novels, Plays, all literary work speciality, typed by expd. qualified staff. Duplicating and translations also undertaken. Olwen Temple, 26 High St. Guildford 5978.

TYPEWRITING, Duplicating, Translations. Confidential secretarial work accurately and expeditiously carried out. Windsor Typewriting Bureau, 46 Victoria St. S.W.1.

Appointments Vacant

None of the vacancies in these columns re- es to a man between 18 and 50 inclusive or oman between 18 and 40 inclusive unless or she is excepted from the provision of the ntrol of Engagement Order, 1947, or the cancy is for employment excepted from the ovision of that Order.

UNIVERSITY of Adelaide. Owing to the impending retirement of Prof. G. V. Portus, Chair of History and Political Science ll be vacant at end of 1948 and applics. the post are invited. Weight will be given the particular interests of successful appli- nt, but it is hoped that he will give urses on the evolution of civilization with me emphasis on development of the Asiatic orld. Sal.: £1,400 Australian p.a. with S.S.U. super-ann. benefits. Further partics. d information as to method of applic. may obtained from Secy., Universities Bureau of British Empire, 32 Woburn Sq. London, .C.1. Closing date for applics. Sept. 30, 1948.

UNIV. of Melbourne. Applics. invited for position of Lecturer in English. Salary 00-£650 p.a. (Australian) plus £78 p.a. cost living allowance, subject to superann. con- bution. Further partics. and information as method of application may be obtained from cy., Universities Bureau of the British Em- e, 32 Woburn Square, London, W.C.1. osing date for receipt of applics. is Oct. 16.

UNIV. of Sydney.—Applics. invited for position of Tutor in Social Case Work in Department of Social Studies. Applicants ould hold a Univ. degree and Diploma in cial Studies and have had practical exp. p. in the fields of Child Welfare and/or mily Case Work is particularly desirable. uties include lecturing and supervision of actical work and will begin in March, 1949. l. £600 (Australian) p.a. Further partics. d information as to method of application y be obtained from Secretary, Universities reau of the British Empire, 32 Woburn Sq., ndon, W.C.1. Closing date for receipt of plics. is November 30, 1948.

A GOVERNMENT Department (London) invites applics. from men and women for established posts as: (1) Assistant in Press fice, and (2) Research Writer. Candidates ust be journalists with exp. and interest in onomic and financial affairs, and a know- dge of Scientific and Technological sub- cts would be an advantage. Salary range, 00-£800 p.a. (incl.). Written applics., giv- g date of birth, full details of qualifics. and p., including dates, should be addressed to ndon Appointments Officer, 1-6, Tavistock uare, London, W.C.1, quoting ref. X.512/513. Original refs. must not be for- rded. Only candidates selected for inter- w will be advised.

UNIV. College, Southampton.—Applics. invited for post of Lecturer in Economics and tistics. Commencing salary will be at rate £650 p.a. Further partics. obtainable from Registrar, to whom applications should be t as soon as possible.

COLONIAL Assistant wanted for Secretary of International Department of Labour rty. Fixed salary £550 p.a. Knowledge of olonial problems reqd. Applic. forms, which ust be returned by Oct. 5, can be obtained m Secretary, Labour Party, Transport ouse. Smith Square, London, S.W.1.

NATIONAL Cttee. for Visual Aids in Education. Applics. invited for following posts connection with work of above Commit- e: (1) Information and Publications Officer. andidates will be reqd. to collect and collate formation regarding all aspects of the use visual aids in education, and to prepare for publication. Salary scale: £550 by £25 £700. (2) Chief Clerk. Candidates will responsible to Secretary of Committee for organisation of the general office. Good p., not necessarily connected with visual ds, is essential, and exp. in a local educ. thority's office, or similar work, would be advantage. Salary scale: £500 by £20 to 600. Commencing salary in both cases will in accordance with qualifics. and exp. of person appointed. A staff contributory perann. scheme is in operation. Partics. of ove appointments and applic. forms from c., National Cttee. for Visual Aids in Edu- tion, 79 Wimpole St. W.1, to whom plics. should be returned immediately.

LEICESTERSHIRE Educ. Cttee. County Library. Applics. invited from Chartered ibrarians for post of Senior Assistant in the ntre Exchange Department. Sal. in accord- ce with A.P.T. Grade I of N.J.C. Scales 390×£15—£435). Commencing salary ac- rding to qualifics. and exp. Applics. (no rms) giving full partics. of qualifics. and exp. d accompanied by copies of two recent testi- onials and names of two refs., should reach irector of Education, Grey Friars, Leicester, Sept. 25.

EDINBURGH Assocn. for the Provision of Hostels for Women Students. The Board of anagement invite applics. for post of Assist- t Warden. Appointment will date from n. 1, 1949, and salary will be at rate of 50 p.a., rising by annual increments of £10 £300, with residence. Candidates must be ads. of a British Univ. and have had exp. residence in a Univ. or College Hall or ostel; training or exp. in institutional manage- ent is desirable. Further partics. obtainable om Miss E. E. Looker, Principal Warden, rlyle Hostel, East Suffolk Road, Edinburgh, whom six copies of letter of applic. should sent by Oct. 1, 1948.

EAST Suffolk and Ipswich Hospital, Ipswich, 350 beds. Domestic Supervisor reqd. with evious exp. of institutional management. mmencing sal. £240 resident. Apply Matron further partics.

Appointments Vacant—continued

KENT Educ. Cttee., Medway Technical College. Teacher of English general subjects reqd. for post of Special Responsibility for Further Educ. Classes in H.M. Borstal Institution, Rochester. During mornings, duties will consist mainly in teaching English and general subjects in small classes, incl. some groups of youths of retarded mental ability. There will be responsibility also for organization and coordination of evening classes mainly of recreative craft activities. Pref. given to candids. having some exp. in teaching young men of below average mental ability and some exp. in recreative crafts. Burnham Scale, plus special responsibility allowance of £60 p.a. Applic. forms from Principal, to be returned as soon as possible, with 3 recent testims. and 3 refs.

UNIVERSITY College, Exeter.—Applics. invited for a Lectureship or Assistant Lectureship in Botany with special qualifications in Cytology. Partics. from the Registrar.

EAST Suffolk C.C. Borough of Lowestoft Cttee. for Education.—Applics. invited from men and women trained &/or expd. in Club Leadership for post of Leader to the North Lowestoft Youth Club. This club of 130 members has its own adequate premises with garden and Club Leader's flat. For qualified Leaders (i.e., with not less than one year's recognised training at University or Training College) the salary is according to Burnham scale. For other Leaders—men—£330×£15 to £435; women—£300×£12 to £408. Further partics. and applic. forms obtainable from Borough Educ. Offices, 49 High St., Lowestoft, to be returned by Sept. 25.

NORFOLK Educ. Cttee. Norfolk Rural Music School.—Applics. invited from string specialists (men or women) for a teaching appointment on staff of above school. Teaching work of the school is financed by Norfolk Educ. Committee, to whose staff the appointment will be made. The school provides a teaching service throughout the county, and in addition to Burnham Scale of salaries teachers receive travelling and subsistence allowances on County Council's scale. Exp. in class teaching is desirable. Forms of applic. and further partics. may be obtained from Chief Educ. Officer, County Educ. Offices, Stracey Rd., Norwich, on receipt of s.a. env. Applics. should be made as early as possible, and not later than 14 days from appearance of this advertisement, and all envelopes should be marked "Rural Music School."

ADMINISTRATIVE Assistant wanted for Secretary of International Department of Labour Party to promote local contact with foreign Socialist Parties. Fixed salary £550 p.a. Exp. of Local Labour Party work prefd. Applic. forms, which must be returned by Oct. 5, can be obtained from Secretary, Labour Party, Transport House, Smith Sq. S.W.1.

THE United Leeds Hospitals. The General Infirmary at Leeds. Applics. invited for post of Assistant Domestic Staff Supervisor. Training and/or exp. in institutional management or domestic science desirable; also exp. in personnel management or welfare work. Salary £375 p.a., rising by annual increments of £15 to £420 p.a. non-resident. Applics. giving all relevant partics. and names of three refs. should be made by Sept. 18 to Secretary to the Board, The General Infirmary, Leeds, 1.

THE Trades Union Congress invites applics. for position of Assistant in its Research and Economic Department. Knowledge of economics and related subjects essential. Further particulars of appointment may be obtained before Sept. 25 from Vincent Tewson, C.B.E., M.C., Trades Union Congress, Transport House, Smith Sq., London, S.W.1.

A JOURNALIST-Assistant required in the Labour Party Press and Publicity Dept. Must have N.U.J. and Labour Party membership. Application forms from Secretary, The Labour Party, Transport House, Smith Sq. London, S.W.1, by Sept. 24, 1948.

VERBATIM Reporters for International Labour Office, Geneva. A competitive examination is being held in London for English verbatim reporters in the International Labour Office, Geneva, Switzerland, the main qualifics. for which are that the candidate, either sex, shall be not less than 25 nor more than 35 yrs. of age and shall take stenographic tests of ten minutes at 140 to 160 words per min. and of four mins. at 180 words per min. Conditions and candidature forms can be obtained from: International Labour Office, London Branch (N.S.), 38 Parliament St. London, S.W.1, if applic., with s.a.e., is made before Sept. 14, 1948.

L.C.C.—2 Resident Assistant Domestic Bursars (female) reqd. at Leavesden Green Emergency Training College, Nr. Watford, Herts. Duties of one position include assistance in the College sick bay (a kndge. of first-aid is necessary) and responsibility for linen; duties of the second position include general management of domestic staff. Training and exp. in institutional management desirable. Annual salary £225, plus tax-free emoluments of board, lodging and laundry. Positions are exempt from Control of Engagement Order, 1947. Temporary appointments only (approx. 18 mnths.). Apply in writing to the Principal at College, stating age, qualifics. and exp., and enclosing copies of recent testimonials. (1895)

BRENTWOOD Recuperative Centre for mothers and children.—Assistant Warden wanted. Housekeeping duties, responsibility for household of 50 in Warden's absence; nursing exp. useful but not essential. Apply: General Secy., Community Council of Lancashire, Selnec House, Manchester 14.

BOYS' Club Leader wanted East London, Christian, experienced, mixed club, to share small hostel with two others. Fraser, 187 Whitechapel Road.

Appointments Vacant—continued

MANCHESTER Univ. Settlement. Applics. invited from men and women (pref. under 35), for a residential post in a new post-war housing project. Social science training desirable, exp. of club work with adults or young people essential. Salary from £250 with residence. Further details and applic. form from Warden, 20 Every St. Manchester, 4.

WANTED in September for Secretarial College, well educated and experienced teacher of Pitman's Shorthand. Box 4867.

APPLICATIONS invited for a post of special interest as Head Warden of large Y.W.C.A. Hostel in Central London accommodating 350 girls and women. Admin. ability, exp. in handling a large staff and a genuine interest in welfare of the residents essential. Applicants must be prepared to accept the basis and aims of the Assoc. and be members of some branch of the Christian Church. Apply by letter, "S," Personnel Sec., Y.W.C.A., Great Russell St., London, W.C.1. Women under 41 require M. of L. permit.

EXPERIENCED steno-typist, fluent German, wanted by City export merchants, full or part-time. Box 5356.

MATRON needed for well-estd. and equipped H.O. approved girls' Probation Home in Leeds, ages 14-18, residential capacity 15. First-class career to capable person in social service of growing importance. State age, exp. and salary. Also kitchen matron reqd. Apply Mrs. Maclagan, 12a North Park Ave., Roundhay, Leeds, 8.

LARGE firm of engineering manufacturers in Yorkshire reqs. woman grad. to inaugurate and take charge of industrial technical and commercial library. Science degree desirable, but other qualifics. considered. Applicants should state age and full partics. of Academic record with details of any relevant experience, also salary required to Box 5306.

WANTED: Educated Cook-housekeeper for small country school, 8-9 residents, near St. Albans. Suitable for mother with daughter 6-14 yrs. or son under 9. Box 4157.

HOUSEKEEPER wanted for widower, modern house N.W. London, own sitting room, references. Box 5083.

MOTHERS help wanted for pleasant house in village 10 miles Cambridge on main bus route, own bedroom, use of sitting room and wireless, outside help employed. Write The Lodge, Melbourn, Royston, Herts.

GOOD Commission will be paid privately to gentleman, free lance, contact man able to get bulk orders for industrial or marine or household paints. Advertisers are first-class firm making very finest quality paints. Write confidentially. Box 5151.

NANNY reqd. for only child, boy 19 months. Own room. Dr. Gottlieb, 48 Beck Rd., Sheffield, 5. Ecclesfield 38521.

Appointments Wanted

LADY, holding Dr.'s Degree in Musicology at Heidelberg Univ., sks. post with music publishers or with musicians. Box 5065.

HEAD Asst. teacher, 52, expd. chn. 4-14 esp. infants' activity methods, wishes purchase bungalow or mod. hse. (garage space) and take post with scope in S. Eng. Acting Head lge. schl. 9 mths. Small sch. considered. Box 5085.

COPY typing of all descriptions done at home. Staines and Hounslow district. Box 5095.

HAS anyone congenial work to offer young woman with experience of illustration, lettering, etching, wood-engraving? Any suggestions welcomed. Box 5113.

WISE yng. man, 26, interested everything; pleasant, capable head, hands, ideas, sks. creative flexible employ. Absolutely any suggestion solicited. Go anywhere. Box 5114.

YOUNG woman writer, 25, seeks part-time job London. Educated, intelligent, adaptable; French, German, typing. Consider anything. Box 5118.

CAMBRIDGE grad. Modern Languages, 30, administrative experience, seeks suitable evening employment. Box 5130.

LADY (45) adaptable, willing assist part-time, in any capacity, pref. not domestic—must be residential. Box 5132.

LADY Secretary/Shorthand Typist (28) with literary ability seeks interesting situation preforably involving travel. No figure work wanted. Good exp. Free Nov. Box 5156.

COMPETENT Lady Secretary desires residential post w. prof. or business gentleman. Bilingual English/German, good French. Wide interests. Country no objection. Willing combine with household, etc., management. Available 1st Oct. Excellent credentials. Box 5170.

YOUNG man (27) seeks occupation where he may acquire a craft (pref. wood) whilst earning, with opportunity to continue other studies part-time. Country or small town. Box 5181.

SECRETARY, aged 23, Pitman's sht., etc., ex. nurse, book-shop exp., reqs. interesting post. Box 5187.

QUANTITY Surveyor, 34, recently discharged from War Neurosis Centre urgently sks. work and rehabilitation with prof. firm, London/Glasgow. Box 5191.

SECRETARY requires part-time interesting work, experienced accountancy, organiser, sh./typing, suggestions welcome. Box 5196.

LADY—Scots, young, S.R.N. theatre exp., also secretarial, with typing, knowledge of dentistry, seeks post in London as secretary receptionist, with surgical or medical specialist. Exc. refs. Box 5198.

YOUNG Swiss girl, 21, teaching diploma, desires post in school or with family as French teacher. Write Jamine Rey, 7 Ave. Actet de Rochemont, Geneva, Switzerland.

PARTIALLY-disabled Ex-serviceman (25) seeks interesting post as private secretary or assistant. Box 5214.

Appointments Wanted—continued

DUTCH widow seeks post in London looking after two children age 1-5. Ex-governess, 1st-class references. Speaks English, Italian, German, Dutch. Write Mrs. Kronenberg, Wilhelmsparkweg 28, Amsterdam.

FRENCH girl (25) Engl. speaking, wishes post with children, light housework (pref. London) to continue studies English. Molard, Gipsy Cottage, Tuddenham, Ipswich.

ART-Teaching post sought by young painter. Keen interest children & educ. Pref. prog. school in/near London. Exp. incl. A. S. Neill's school as pupil & teacher. Ishbel McWhirter, 3 Warwick Gardens, W.14.

ADVERTISER (Public School) good appearance and address, seeks post as receptionist, Hotel, Theatre, Club, Store, etc. Box A.R.105, 55 Bryanston Street, London, W.1.

Examinations

UNIVERSITY College, London. Faculty of Medical Sciences. Session 1949-50. Special entrance examination, November 30th, 1948. The last day of entry for this examination is Sat., Nov. 13th, 1948. Candidates can also be considered for the Session 1950-1951 at this exam., but a further opportunity will arise in Nov., 1949, for those applicants who are unsuccessful or who are unable to sit the 1948 exam. There will be no vacancies for women applicants in the 1st M.B. courses at University College, London: candidates should complete the 1st M.B. externally and apply for the 2nd M.B. course.

Fellowships and Scholarships

GIRTON College, Cambridge. The Pfeiffer Research Fellowship, tenable for three years from 1949, is offered for research in any branch of learning except Mathematics, Science and allied subjects. The Fellowship is of the value of £250 a year, with free residence, and is open to women graduates of any University. Further particulars from the Secretary, Girton College, Cambridge, to whom applics. should be sent by 15th January, 1949.

APPLICS. are invited for Scholarships offered by the Italian Government to students and graduates of British Universities and Colleges for study in Italy during the academic year 1948/49. Duration, eight months; some also possibly four months. Value, 37,500 lire per month. Further partics. obtainable from Italian Embassy, 14, Three Kings Yard, London, W.1, or Controller, Education Division, The British Council, 3, Hanover St. London, W.1, by whom applics. must be received by Oct. 16.

Schools

DANE Court, Pyrford, Woking, and Dane Court, Whatcombe, Blandford. Prep. schools for boys. Same direction, same ideas, sensible discipline, good food. No evg. prep.

FOR training in personal responsibility and world citizenship, Laggan School accepts boys and girls from 5 to 18. Glorious West Coast entry. Individual attention. Write Secy., Laggan, Ballantrae, Ayrshire, Scotland.

FORMOSA School, Epping House, Nr. Hertford, boys and girls 8-17, boarding and day. Quaker ideas, trained staff (Mrs.) Lucia Beamish, B.A., Hons. A.R.C.M., Essendon 341.

LONG Dene, Chiddingstone, Edenbridge, Kent. A group of 100 children and 40 adults, creatively concerned with educ., agriculture, the arts. Directors: J. C. Guinness, B.A., Karis Guinness, R. G. H. Job, B.Sc.

MALTMAN'S Green, Gerrard's Cross, 9 to 19. Founder: Miss B. Chambers, M.A., Head Mistress, Miss Theo. M. Lowe, M.A. Aim: to develop character and intellect, respect individuality and encourage initiative.

MONKTON Wyld School, Charmouth, Dorset. School Farm. T.T. cows. All-round practical and cultural educ. for boys and girls, 9-18. After S.C. pupils prepared for Univ. Principals: Carl and Eleanor Urban.

ST. CATHERINE'S, Almondsbury, nr. Bristol. Co-ed.; boarding; all ages. Overlkg. Channel, Welsh Hills. Vegetarian and food reform diet. Music, Dancing, Drama, Crafts, etc. Ralph Cooper, M.A., and Joyce Cooper.

ST. MARY'S Town and Country School. Day School, 38 Eton Ave. Hampst. Boarders: Stanford Park, nr. Rugby. Exchange poss. Own swimming, boating. Prog. Co-ed., 5-18. Henry & Eliz. Paul, Ph.D.

WENNINGTON School, Wetherby. 100 boys and girls 8-18. A well-organised pioneer school with a wholesome vigorous community life; training in disciplined cooperation and practical social responsibility. Kenneth C. Barnes, B.Sc.

WYCHWOOD Girls' School, Oxford, 10 to University age; small classes; exceptional cultural and musical opportunities, self-governing community. September vacancies for ages 10 and 11 only.

Books and Publications

GERMAN Second-hand Books (selected stock) for sale. High-grade German literature bought. Write to: Continental Book Supply, 92, Randolph Ave., London, W.9.

WHAT is meant by "federation"? Inform yourself on this important topical subject by reading: "Fundamentals of European Federalism," by Dr. H. Brugmans, foreword by Lord Layton, 1*s*. 1*d*. post free; "What Federal Government Is," by Prof. K. C. Wheare, 7d. post free; from Federal Union, 20, Buckingham St., W.C.2.

THE New Health and Insurance Schemes explained. A clear and comprehensive survey of the Acts. 32 pages, 9*d*. (post free), The Dawn Press, Clapham High St. S.W.4.

A BIRTHDAY Wish to T. S. Eliot, Preface to Hamlet by André Gide, an article by Upton Sinclair, Anthology of Modern Scottish Poetry, in Sept. issue of Adam International Review. 20*s*. annl. subscription. From 28 Emperor's Gate, London, S.W.7.